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Together

JUNE 1968



VACATIONLAND, U.S.A.
These scenes hit the eye at
Lake of the Ozarks, Missouri.
But the church is there, too.
For the story, see page 33.





Can It Survive When Its Members Move On?

"WE WISH YOU might see this beautiful section of western Colorado," the two Methodist deaconesses wrote their friends on Thanksgiving Day, 1964. "Our trailer is at the foot of the bridge that spans the joining of the Roaring Fork and Frying Pan Rivers. We are surrounded by tree-covered Rocky Mountains, blanketed by several inches of snow."

Mildred May and Ada Duhigg had left their mobile ministry in Utah temporarily and were wintering near Basalt, in the shadow of 12,959-foot Mount Sopris—not as vacationers but as deaconesses with a job to do. They moved into this isolated area, 125 miles west across the Continental Divide from Denver, as work began in earnest at the giant Ruedi Dam project on the Frying Pan River near Thomasville. Within a few months the two women had organized Community Methodist Church for the incoming construction workers and their families.

The little church had been an abandoned, one-room schoolhouse before it was transformed, almost overnight, by MYF volunteers from neighboring churches between Aspen and Glenwood Springs. Merchants in the latter town donated paint, food, and lumber; various churches gave pews, pulpit, songbooks, plastic storm windows, and a cross of native red rock.

"We had 25 out for a potluck supper, games, songfest, and worship," the deaconesses wrote their friends that Thanksgiving Day.

Mildred and Ada now have left Colorado, their task at Thomasville done. But work continues on the earth and rock-filled dam, and on the tunnels designed to divert water to the eastern slope of the Rockies. Ruedi Lake will be a deep blue reservoir of precious water—four miles long and a mile wide—held in storage until it is needed.

In a few years, the construction workers will move on to other projects, leaving the little church behind. Will it then become an abandoned building again? Perhaps not, says the Rev. James W. Cavender, of Basalt, who serves the Methodist church there as well as at Thomasville. Attendance during the summer now triples the membership as visitors come for recreation in this rugged and scenic area. A great many more hunters, fishermen, and hikers are expected after the dam is completed. Thus Thomasville Church may stay alive long after it has served its original purpose—that of reaching out to a few people in an isolated area, simply because they were there.

—HERMAN B. TEETER



On a Wednesday evening, summer campers join members of Thomasville Church at a potluck supper, then help to arrange the pews for a worship service. The Rev. James W. Cavender, pastor, faces the camera (center and bottom).



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Is thy heart right, as my heart is
with thine? Dost thou love and serve
God? It is enough, I give thee
the right hand of fellowship.

—John Wesley (1703-1791)

Together® / June 1968

IN THIS ISSUE



- 1 Can It Survive When Its Members Move On?
Color Pictorial
- 5 More Violence This Summer? *Church in Action*
- 10 Union Plan Approval Marks 'The End of the Beginning'
By James M. Wall
- 12 Why the Churches Must Listen
- 15 Prophet Without Honor
- 16 Extremism Is Easy *By George Hedley*
- 18 A Summer of Fun and Learning for Ghetto Children
By Richard C. Underwood
- 23 Memorial Day Reflections *By Lawrence Warner*
- 25 A Contemporary Litany *By Sheldon R. Gerarden*
- 26 Unusual Methodists
- 28 The Small-Arms Race *By Nancy E. Sartin*
- 33 Ozark Summer Ministry *Color Pictorial*
- 41 What the Negro Wants *By George M. Daniels*
- 43 You Are the One *By William H. Dickinson*
- 45 Speech Is Great, But . . . *By Sonia Levitin*
- 48 In the Right Place—At the Right Time *Pictorial*
- 55 Educate Now—Pay Later *By Martha Lane*
- 56 This I Know *By William A. Ward*
- 60 Effrontery! *By Maureen Cannon*
- 62 Windjammer to Pulpit *By T. Otman Firing*

FEATURES / DEPARTMENTS

Page 4 *Illustration Credits* / 8 *TV This Month* / 52 *Teens Together* / 54 *Your Faith and Your Church* / 57 *Looks at New Books* / 61 *Browsing in Fiction* / 66 *Small Fry* / 68 *Letters*.

After-Hour Jottings . . . Some of us who overvacation, and need a rest before returning to work, may think of this month's cover as a phantasmagoria. Others may want to paste it in the old scrapbook under "Signs of the Times," or "Things We Saw Last Summer." Technically, however, our cover is a photomontage designed to introduce a center color section on the *Ozark Summer Ministry* [see pages 33-40].

Right or wrong, it is the American way to follow vacation crowds with neon signs, billboards, curio shops, luxury motels, hot dog stands, and gimcrackery. But the church follows, too—as it has in the Lake of the Ozarks area—and it is reassuring to find young people playing an important role in this ecumenical ministry to the nation's tourists.

In case you do overvacation, try turning to pages 66-67 for *Jane Merchant's* refreshing *Thoughts to Think on a Summer*.
(Continued on page 4)

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JOTTINGS / (Continued from page 3)

mer Day. It is recommended reading for big people as well as Small Fry.

We can enjoy poetry without becoming personally acquainted with the poet, but to know Jane Merchant adds an extra dimension to every line she writes, and brings a new appreciation of the human spirit's almost limitless capacity to triumph over tragedy and handicap.

In the hundreds of poems Jane Merchant has published, one gets the impression that the writer is constantly on the go, up hill and down, as a footloose observer of people and things. Yet Jane, who lives in Knoxville, Tenn., is an incurable invalid confined to bed since childhood. Jane Merchant's poems tell of sights that belong only to memory, and of sounds she no longer hears—for she has become increasingly deaf since her teens. Shut away from the world, her imaginative genius escapes the walls of a room to roam free, in a kind of moonlit magic, among clouds, trees, streams, and stars.

Many have wanted to know how this frail but indomitable woman finds the strength and courage to face the long days and nights of her affliction. A poem in one of her books published by Abingdon Press is her Answer:

*Full half a hundred times I've sobbed,
"I can't go on, I can't go on."
And yet full half a hundred times
I've hushed my sobs, and gone.*

*My answer, if you ask me how,
May seem presumptuously odd,
But I think that what kept keeping on
When I could not, was God.*

Our friend Bob Bell, religion editor of the *Nashville Banner*, is thoughtful enough to send us clippings, every now and then, from other newspapers across the country. One of the most recent, from *The New York Times*, tells how some of the 400 members of the Sea Cliff Methodist Church, Sea Cliff, N.Y., made \$1 grow into a major contribution to the fund drive for a new church.

Perhaps the most remarkable use of a talent is told by Frank Braynard who started out making sketches of the hundreds of gingerbread houses that were built in the 1890s when Sea Cliff changed from a Methodist prayer-meeting ground to a summer resort community.

At first, Mr. Braynard sold his sketches to homeowners for \$5 each, but the demand soon became so great that he decided to publish 150 of them in a book. As of last February he had earned more than \$5,000 for the building fund.

With orders pouring in, and many more sketches to be made, Mr. Braynard said: "I expect to reach \$16,000 by the time I am finished."

Dr. T. Otmann Firing's article of adventure and hardship on the high seas [see *Windjammer to Pulpit*, page 62] ends around 50 years ago. It tells nothing of subsequent events in the life of the young Norwegian sailor who went on to

become a leader in church-related education in his adopted country.

Dr. Firing helped pioneer the "earn and learn" plan of education when he was president of Evanston Collegiate In-



Dr. T. Otmann Firing:
He holds a painting of the Lancing.

stitute near Chicago. At that time all classes were held in the mornings so that students could work 20 to 26 hours a week in the afternoons.

He was president of ECI for 20 years, and remained in that position when the school's name was changed to Kendall College in 1950. He became president emeritus in 1954, and since then has devoted much of his time to raising funds for the Methodist-related school.

Sometimes—although perhaps not often enough—current events in widely separated places will highlight the promise and significance of events in one small, isolated area. Such was the case when Editor Richard C. Underwood and Picture Editor George P. Miller were in Cleveland, Ohio, last July, working on *A Summer of Fun and Learning for Ghetto Children* [pages 18-22].

"Just one of the days we were there," Mr. Underwood says, "there were newspaper reports of riots in 14 cities—but nothing in Cleveland."

"Small though the Fun School's dent is in the total complex of problems of the urban ghetto, maybe it had a small part in the quiet that existed there—at least it has shown people in nearby ghettos that it cares."

(Another, but unrelated experience brought back memories of gangbusters and blazing guns. A sign on a brick ghetto building, weather-faded over some 30 years, read: "Elliot Ness for Mayor.")

—Your Editors

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The Church in Action

More Violence This Summer?

The crisis in America's cities calls for a new brand of ministry by the churches and a new breed of minister to put it into gear. Such a man is the Rev. John P. Adams, who one year ago left his pastorate at Woodmar Methodist Church, Hammond, Ind., to become director of the Department of Public Affairs for the Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns.

TOGETHER recently talked with Mr. Adams in Washington, D.C., about his work in urban crisis situations—experience that led to his writing a comprehensive booklet of guidelines “for a ministry of compassion and reconciliation” by laymen and clergy in cities threatened or torn by racial strife and rioting.

A World War II pilot who wound up in a Nazi prison camp, Mr. Adams has marched numerous times in Milwaukee with Father James Groppi; worked to ease tensions in the Gary, Ind., election that put Richard Gordon Hatcher, a Negro, in the mayor's seat; narrowly escaped death or injury in a Jackson, Miss., bombing; and helped rally church response during the recent rioting in the nation's capital. The lean, 45-year-old father of six also co-ordinated planning for the participation of the National Council of Churches in the Poor People's Campaign in Washington, D.C.—a crusade Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., was to have led.

The interview began as we asked:

Mr. Adams, do you expect more urban unrest this summer, further rioting, and an escalating “Second Civil War” triggered by the rage of Negro Americans following the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.?

Mr. Adams: The unrest is already apparent in most of our cities. As we all saw after Dr. King's tragic death, violence can flare up instantaneously and spread rapidly with seemingly little provocation. Riots have broken out during the past several summers after small incidents. But as Winston

Churchill said, “Great quarrels may arise from small occasions but never from small causes.”

The conditions to cause riots, as the Report of the National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders showed, exist in city after city across the nation. Now, the death of Dr. King has confirmed a major conclusion of the Kerner Commission Report in the eyes of thousands of black people. It has caused them to believe that white racism is so rampant in the American society that real changes can't be made by those who are seeking to bring greater social justice. This means that it will take even less to start a riot in the future than before the murder of Dr. King.

If the situation is as serious as we are led to believe, what can be done?

Mr. Adams: The white majority must promptly show evidence that it is ready to change and to make changes. It must demonstrate in very visible and concrete ways that it is ready and willing to surrender sizable segments of its power—especially that power which determines the everyday conditions under which the ghetto residents are forced to live. If we do this, we will have taken positive steps to head off further violence. If we go on, however, “applying Band-aids and giving lollipops,” as Roy Wilkins calls it, we will be moving toward more major civil conflict. If this civil war comes, the sides will not be determined by a single line neatly drawn on a map. There will be many lines and they will crosshatch the nation, cutting it into such small pieces that they will never be brought back together again.

Does not this kind of proposal mean the rewarding of rioters by the government?

Mr. Adams: Surely we've waited too long already, furnishing an accumulation of excuses for violence. We must not look for further reasons to



John Adams picks his way through a Washington alley with Colin “Topper” Carew, director of the New Thing Art and Architecture Center, an effort to develop black cultural identity in the city's Adams-Morgan area.

delay, but must develop a strong will to proceed.

With each postponement despair deepens in large parts of the black population, planting the seeds which will grow into outbreaks. Action now would avoid violence rather than rewarding rioting. It is true, however, that we should take the steps recommended in the Kerner Report, not because we fear future unrest, but

because we are making a present commitment to do what is right now, even though it is coming late.

You mentioned the Kerner Report. What do its findings and recommendations say to American churches and church people?

Mr. Adams: This high-level document came at a desperately needed time. The fact that a largely white, middle-class, bipartisan group could issue a report that points to the white racism that exists so prevalently in our society as the root cause of the violence in our cities ought to cause the country to think. It is a responsible report which can make a major impact on our society. It could have this effect if the churches and other groups lift up the report and make every effort to be sure that it doesn't get shelved.

Its findings give the church a large



task to be undertaken with immediacy. The churches must challenge racism in its many and varied forms as never before. First, within their own membership and then throughout every sector of the community, crash conversions must be made in racial attitudes so that the "will to act" will develop.

The leadership which United Methodist Bishop Ralph T. Alton of Wisconsin gave in the Milwaukee open-housing marches is a good illustration of what can be done. Bishop Alton entered into the protest in support of the Commandos of the Milwaukee NAACP Youth Council and Father James Groppi because their protest was a legitimate one. His leadership served to confront Methodist churches throughout the area with the issues and furnished a new factor for people's thinking. U.S. Senator Walter Mondale of Minnesota congratulated the Commandos and Father Groppi, when they visited Washington, for

keeping the open-housing issue alive when it was politically dead. The fact that this legislation recently got national passage can be attributed to the death of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., but also to the witness of the Milwaukee NAACP Youth Council and others who refused to give up.

You have stayed close to the recent tensions in Memphis. There has been more at stake, I take it, than a garbage strike.

Mr. Adams: Indeed. The issue was whether black underemployed people would have the same economic rights as white employees so long have enjoyed. Memphis was a prelude to the hot spring and summer, not because there was violence there but because an economic issue was confronted by the civil-rights movement. Memphis, is, therefore, a prelude of hope. True, there was a tragedy there, and an irreplaceable moral leader was killed as he sought to give support to a few black men who do menial tasks. His death not only gave the leverage which the garbage workers needed—which seems like a great sacrifice for a small gain—but it also pointed a direction in which the nation can move. Negroes and other minorities need economic security, created and guaranteed to the same degree that most white persons have them.

Tell us about the Poor Peoples' Campaign in Washington, D.C. Might this nonviolent lobbying effort light another fuse on widespread civil strife?

Mr. Adams: Let me read you the goals of the Poor Peoples' Campaign. First: To raise before the eyes and conscience of this nation the plight and despair of the poor, thus making visible those whom our affluent society has allowed to become invisible. Second: To promote in the face of chaos and violent revolt the efficacy of non-violent tactics in combatting the apathy that breeds despair among the poor. Third: To achieve minimal standards of human decency for all our people, namely: meaningful jobs, adequate income, decent housing, quality education, and adequate medical and dental care for all!

The strategy for working toward this Economic Bill of Rights, as Martin Luther King called it, is nonviolent but militant civil disobedience. This means that the 3,000 representatives of the poor have been trained in non-violence and that their responsibility is to confront government with the facts of poverty in ways to make cold statistics become live issues. I feel that

the Poor Peoples' Campaign is a legitimate lobbying effort by the poor. Almost everyone else has a lobby in Washington. But it costs money to lobby in Washington and the poor don't have it. They have to use the tragedy of their lives to confront the nation with truth.

Hopefully, if the cost of the war in Viet Nam diminishes, the funds that are available for reallocation will



be targeted precisely toward meeting the goals of the Poor Peoples' Campaign. The churches, especially those in greater Washington, have voiced support for the Poor Peoples' Campaign because they see it as being an alternative to violence. I believe churches across the land should give similar support.

Does President Johnson's peace moves and his decision not to run again place the urban crisis in a different perspective? If he is a "lame duck" President, could Congress hog down?

Mr. Adams: I don't believe the term "lame duck" applies, even though the President is not running again. He was not crippled by his decision. His popularity went up and he was freed from partisan suspicion. He was elevated to the position of an elder statesman while still occupying the White House. He has some significant time to use his power in a new way. I believe he will be able to give stronger leadership in the midst of the urban crisis than ever before.

Mainstream America—which includes most Protestant churches—is calling for law and order to counteract violence and "black power." How

do you assess white backlash at this point?

Mr. Adams: The "law and order" emphasis is a way of demanding that force be used to postpone solutions to social problems. We must have law and there must be order, but the passage of laws that emphasize *only* police control and military force increase the likelihood of the further breaking of laws and the continuing creation of disorder. We can no longer force people to accept what can be different and that which we have the resources to change.

There are all kinds of black power advocated. However, until there is black economic power, there will be cries for violence, and we as whites will be responsible for so much of it. Too often in the past, we have had only white laws which have largely protected white interests while requiring black order. This no longer works, and it should not work.

We should stand with Alan Paton, South African reform leader, who says in a prayer: "Into thy hands I commend the spirits of all those who fear change more than they fear Thee, we who put the law above justice, and order above law." We are in God's hands but he has put the opportunity to make the needed changes in our hands. With his help we must make them.

As for the white backlash we as churchmen must resist it, for white backs have not felt the lash in all our history. And now, there is no time for self-righteousness—only for redemptive acts.

How do you view the new alliance of Negro churchmen in predominantly white Protestant denominations—such as Black Methodists for Church Renewal?

Mr. Adams: As painful as they are, the new alliances are necessary. The church, which has a Gospel that could make brothers of all, has become an "Uncle Tom" to much of the young black population. As long as black churchmen in predominantly white denominations passively submit to the discrimination which the church perpetuates within itself, they can give little leadership in their own communities.

This means that there has to be an exercise of black power in the churches—including *The United Methodist Church*—if the whole church is to be relevant and effective in its ministry today. This is hard to understand and difficult to accept, but we must. We can do much toward the ultimate goal of integration by respecting the in-

tegrity and supporting the work of those who are strongly challenging discrimination *within the church*.

What are some of the responses that the urban crisis calls for from interfaith agencies, denominations, and local churches?

Mr. Adams: The crisis in our cities requires a new life style within the Christian ministry of pastors and laymen, individually, and in all the structures of the church. It's not logical to superimpose a rural pastoral ministry upon an urban setting. Strangely, we've expected the church to be in the city in the 1960s what it was in the country in the 1920s. Our responses in the urban crisis must spring from an understanding of what the city is in society and how people can live creatively within it. It's become obvious that only interdenominational and even interfaith ministries will be able to furnish the combined strength to minister in the cities. An overall strategy, city by city, is required and is being effected in many places. These strategies must be supported with as much concern for the residents of our ghettos as we once had for "the heathen."

You once said that we need more "shouting" Methodists. What do you mean?

Mr. Adams: I mean that Methodists must join in the cries for justice. Dr. Nelson Watson, director of research and development for the In-

ternational Association of Chiefs of Police, says that police chiefs should climb to the housetops and *shout* for the social changes which must be made, implying that policemen have much to gain by removing the root causes of violence.

I am for a "support your local police" campaign (I wear that button right alongside my "black power" button), especially if we include within it, in the strongest terms, a police-community relations program. Policemen have been placed in an almost impossible position with the black-white polarization. Unless there is dramatic progress now, these men under oath to enforce order could end up being the target of both races.

Despite this, however, and other disturbing predictions you still seem to find hope for the urban crisis.

Mr. Adams: Hope is a commodity in short supply. Even with the positive steps of the past few weeks, hope has not grown very much. Yet there's growing concern for the cities among large parts of the population. Out of this can come what is needed: hard decisions and the sacrificial investments of money and energy. The alternative is burning, bleeding sacrifice of our cities. We can afford hope, only if we give hope to those we so often have left in despair. If they have no hope, we have no hope. If they have hope, however, we must not exploit it by delay. We must confirm it by action. We have the choice: civil *reorder* or civil *disorder*.

METHODIST TRIBUTES TO DR. KING

Methodist people, both clergy and laymen, expressed shock, sorrow, and a sense of loss at the death of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.

Bishop Donald H. Tippet of San Francisco, who attended the funeral in Atlanta representing the Methodist Council of Bishops, stated: "America's most articulate and effective champion of human decency and universal peace has been felled by an assassin's bullet. His untimely death leaves a vacant place against our sky. . . Truly he has overcome."

Two United Methodist bishops who marched with Dr. King were John Wesley Lord of Washington, D.C., and Charles F. Golden of Nashville.

Bishop Lord, who marched with Dr. King at Selma, Ala., called his death "a final sacrifice to the cause of human freedom that he embraced." He urged that Christians try to bring to fulfillment Dr. King's dreams, expressed during the 1963 March on

Washington, for a world at peace, a decent standard of living for everyone, and human dignity for all.

Bishop Golden said Dr. King's life was "not taken from him" but that "he gave it up," adding, "His belief in the nonviolent, direct-action approach was stronger than his fear of death or his desire for life at the expense of his conviction that evil can and must be overcome by love rather than hate."

One speaker at a Memphis memorial service was the Rev. James Lawson, pastor of the Centenary Methodist Church, a close colleague of Dr. King and a leader of the city's sanitation workers' strike. He called for repentance and determination to erase racism, pleading against bloodshed and violence, as a tribute to his friend's life and work.

Cleveland's Carl Stokes, the first Negro mayor of a major American city: "As we mourn his death, we must lift our eyes to the goals Dr.



this month

With DAVID O. POINDEXTER

Broadcasting and Film Commission
National Council of Churches

HAD George Bernard Shaw lived 50 years later, his oft repeated statement about the Bible and the morning newspaper might have been, "the Bible is more up-to-date than the evening newscast." Whatever else Mr. Shaw had in mind, doubtless he sensed the insight into human behavior which Scripture provides. We still smart under Jesus' indictment, "You know how to interpret the appearance of the sky, but you cannot interpret the signs of the times." Those signs are wrapped up in the TV news.

With this in mind, I have some suggestions on how best to watch the newscasts:

1. First, have the Bible in mind, preferably at hand. The New Testament is the Christian's primary source book as he seeks understanding of any situation. The positions of politicians, pundits, and propagandists (as well as our personal opinions) can best be judged only in a biblical perspective. Through the magic of electronics we can be immediately present in any arena of agony. We can "see it now."

It is a mistake, though, to imagine, because we have seen some visual representations of some of the action, that we have more than a superficial understanding of what is taking place. At best we have observed some surface phenomena. We have not been privy to the forces and factors which have created a given situation.

The newscasts seldom provide any depth of feeling. That you must produce within yourself. Momentary wincing and flashes of pain will not do. The Christian who flits on to the next item in the news without pause is in the process of being dehumanized. The news can do that to you, but not if you take the Bible seriously. You will have to walk in the other fellow's moccasins and cofeel with him, co-suffer what he suffers.

"If any one says, 'I love God,' and hates his brother, he is a liar; for he who does not love his

brother whom he has seen, cannot love God whom he has not seen." This summer's news will enable us to see a great many of our brothers.

2. Second, keep in mind the insights of the best contemporary Christian thinkers. For example, if you are watching reports of riots, war, and protest, you can best exercise Christian compassion and citizenship if you have done your homework. Participation in a study course such as *Crisis in America: Hope Through Action* (Friendship Press, 475 Riverside Drive, New York, N.Y. 10027; 25¢) will help you know how to react.

3. Finally, as Halford E. Luccock once observed, "One funeral is long overdue, and that is for the innocent bystander." He doesn't exist, and only a fool can pretend to be one. The Christian who is actively involved through his church in seeking to understand the present situation, and to build a better world, will best be able to know how to view the news this summer.

In the next month, we suggest watching:

May 17, 7:30-8:30 p.m., EDT, on ABC—Robert Scott and the Race for the South Pole (repeat).

May 20, 10-11 p.m., EDT, on ABC—In the Name of God—work of Catholic and Protestant missionaries on Isle of Yap (Micronesia) and in India relieving famine conditions and meeting other problems. Produced by John Secondari and Helen Jean Rogers. The best program in years for interpreting the work of missionaries.

May 21, 10-11 p.m., EDT, on CBS Reports—The Middle-Class Negro.

May 24, 7:30-8:30 p.m., EDT, on NBC—The Big Little World of Roman Vishniac.

May 24, 10-11 p.m., EDT, on NBC—Tomorrow's World—Medicine.

May 28, 10-11 p.m., EDT, on NBC Reports—Profile of an Election Campaign.

June 4, 7:30-8:30 p.m., EDT, on NBC—Rehearsal for D Day—the raid at Dieppe, August, 1942.

June 10, 8:30-9 p.m., EDT, on CBS—You're in Love, Charlie Brown.

King strove for. . . The bitterness and violence demonstrate once again the severity of the urban crisis, and the necessity of ordering the nation's priorities to meet the grave unmet needs of the cities."

Dr. Dow Kirkpatrick, First Methodist Church, Evanston, Ill., and former Atlanta pastor: "When Dr. King moved back to his hometown of Atlanta in the early years of his freedom movement, the city did not welcome him. When his martyred body returned to Atlanta, the mayor was at the side of Mrs. King. The city now is proud to call him her own. We must believe that such a radical change can, in these hours of grief and discord, come to the soul of the nation."

Bishop John Owen Smith of Atlanta: "Dr. King was one of history's great leaders. . . . Those of us who walked with him in the things he tried to do are more aware now of our responsibilities. It is left to us to pick up the mantle and carry on in his example. Be assured that we shall do this."

Dr. Eugene L. Smith, executive secretary of the World Council of Churches, in a message to Mrs. King: "All of us died a little bit with the death of your husband. May his death shock this nation into the creative action for which he lived."

Opera-singer Leontyne Price: "What Dr. King stood for and was cannot be killed by a bullet."

A group of 140 leaders of churches in Asia, Africa, Europe, and North and South America which are related to The United Methodist Church: "The gift of [his] life is not given for the United States alone, but for the oppressed of the world. . . . This earth of ours kills its gentle men. It cannot tolerate its Gandhis, its Lincolns, Jesus, or Socrates. Dr. King sought to teach us that the violence done to the dignity and lives of men must be dealt with by nonviolence."

Dr. A. Dudley Ward, for the Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns: "Martin Luther King, Jr., was determined to give nonviolence a last chance to morally mobilize the people of the land. . . . His cause must set a course for the nation at this late hour. We call for persons of goodwill to place dollars and energy into the Poor People's Campaign as flowers on his grave. We call for Congress . . . to lift up the report of the National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders as a memorial to Dr. King, and to implement its recommendations promptly."

Martin Luther King, Jr., launched his civil-rights movement after completing his Ph.D. at Methodist-related

Boston University School of Theology in 1954. The university has announced a new social-ethics professorship and 10 new scholarships in Dr. King's honor. In one book, the slain civil-rights leader credits his professors there—L. Harold DeWolf, the late Edgar Brightman, Allen Knight Chalmers, and Dean Walter G. Muelder—with influencing his nonviolence philosophy.

Dean Muelder says that Dr. King was a man of ecumenical as well as international significance: "More clearly than any of the other leaders of the civil-rights struggle, he saw the relationship of love to community building, and to the constructive political, economic, and social institutions of American life."

History will regard Dr. King alongside Gandhi, believes Dean Muelder. "But his journey into nonviolence was for him not a political stratagem but a way of life, his Christian commitment."

Dr. Kermit L. Long, Methodist Board of Evangelism: "Martin Luther King would be the first to say [to the assassin and the rioters], 'Father, forgive them for they know not what they do.' I predict that somehow out of this terrible action we will realize we need one another."

Churches Rush Relief In Riots Aftermath

When spreading riots left thousands of victims during the weekend following assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., the response of churches was immediate, spontaneous, and sufficient. Sufficient for the immediate emergency, that is.

In cities where major burning, looting, and terror left hundreds homeless because of gutted apartments, loss of services, or fear, appeals came quickly for food, blankets, and housing.

In Chicago, for example, American Friends, Salvation Army, Catholic, and Protestant welfare agencies had more calls for aid than their reserves could supply. Appeals to the metropolitan area through news media and churches brought tons of food and clothing.

In the nearby suburb of Oak Park, a Methodist and a Catholic church one block apart yoked together as a collection and relocation center for Chicago's hard-hit West Side. Blocks-long lines of cars and station wagons bearing donations from suburbanites as far as 35 miles away inched their way to the doors of the Washington Boulevard Methodist Church. Thirty refugee families were temporarily placed in white suburban homes.

Some volunteers worked for as long as 48 hours without sleep, unloading,

sorting, and reloading supplies which Negro drivers trucked to points near the burning ghetto.

This pattern was repeated with variations in other cities where rioting occurred. In Washington, D.C., an interreligious urban coalition became the food distribution agency for riot victims. Churchmen had been meeting for many weeks to prepare for such an emergency, but it came earlier than anyone had expected.

In Newark, N.J., clergy teams stationed themselves at police precincts and municipal courts, usually in pairs and with a lawyer and a nurse, in accordance with a plan worked out in advance.

A telephone chain in Pittsburgh, Pa., brought outpourings of aid to many elderly persons and mothers with children in the city's Hill section where food stores were closed. (Coincidentally with the rioting, Methodists announced a \$100,000 appropriation for an interchurch low-cost housing project in the same slum section.)

Motives behind the outpouring of aid still are being analyzed by church leaders and sociologists. Most saw a mixture of fear, guilt, and concern.

While the response to the emergency in the wake of Dr. King's death was magnificent, some observers saw in it much of the old mission handout philosophy of helping. They wondered



Engraver Paul D. McCollion applies finishing touches to the dies for the official commemorative medallion of The United Methodist Church. Three-inch medallions, smaller coins, and Communion tokens depicting four founders of the Methodist and EUB denominations were sold to delegates and visitors at the Dallas Uniting Conference. The medal art is being struck by the private Franklin Mint in Philadelphia. Coin collectors and others interested may contact the A. G. Trimble Co., 3006 Jenkins Arcade Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa. 15222.

if churches now will work harder to change conditions that cause riots.

In Chicago and other cities, churches are organizing to work with government agencies on legal aid, employment, education, consumer clubs, and welfare unions. Religious leaders seem hopeful now that the riots will spur more interfaith co-operation. And they are aware that they must push city hall harder than ever before to change things to permit neighborhood political participation in the inner-city ghettos.

White, Negro Conferences Merging in Southeast

By this summer two more former Central Jurisdiction conferences will be merged with geographic annual conferences of the Southeastern Jurisdiction.

The North Carolina-Virginia Conference, the first Negro conference to merge with predominately white conferences in the Southeast, held its last session on March 28 at Bennett College in Greensboro, N.C.

The conference's 100 clergymen and 19,000 members will be divided among three previously all-white conferences—North Carolina, Virginia, and Western North Carolina.

Bishop L. Scott Allen, presiding over the final sessions, said, "You're going to be divided into segments. The impact you make will be only by the numbers you present as laymen and pastors. Let us not become a small faction or inactive. . ."

The Tennessee-Kentucky Conference of the old Central Jurisdiction is also moving toward merger with geographic conferences in its region. More than 200 congregations with about 16,000 members in the former Central Jurisdiction Conference will merge with the Memphis, Louisville, Tennessee, Kentucky, and Holston Conferences.

Bishop Charles F. Golden announced that actual merger will come when Tennessee-Kentucky's delegates attend the various annual conference sessions involved this summer.

Evangelist Oral Roberts Turns Methodist

Evangelist and faith healer Dr. Oral Roberts will soon be received into the ministry of The United Methodist Church.

In announcing these plans, Bishop W. Angie Smith, who retires this summer, called it a "very great privilege" to receive Dr. Roberts into the Oklahoma Annual Conference. "The Church has men of various talents and interpretations and the strength of the

Union Plan Approval Marks 'The End of the Beginning'

IN WHAT Methodist Bishop James K. Mathews has described as the "end of the beginning," delegates to the Consultation on Church Union (COCU) have formally called for the drafting of a plan of union which could create a new 25-million-member Protestant church.

Meeting in their seventh annual session at Dayton, Ohio, March 18-21, delegates moved a significant step nearer to the union of nine major U.S. denominations. (The number dropped from 10 to 9 with the union of Methodists and Evangelical United Brethren in April.)

Bishop Mathews, newly elected head of COCU, expressed enthusiasm over the group's movement from principles to specific structure, though he warned that perhaps a decade would pass before the participants ratify a plan of union.

Outgoing COCU chairman, the Rev. David Colwell, of the United Church of Christ, summed up the mood of the Dayton sessions with the terse statement: "Everybody's in a hurry." This desire for speed resulted in a demand by delegates that by 1969, or "no later than 1970," a specially appointed Plan of Union Commission bring in a plan of union which could then be submitted to the various denominations for consideration and possible final ratification.

The plan is to be based upon principles of faith, worship, Sacraments, and ministry which have been agreed upon during the first six years of COCU's existence. In addition, the plan would reflect guidelines on structure which would be adopted in 1967 and further revised at this year's Dayton meeting.

The 1968 United Methodist Uniting Conference has been asked by its Commission on Ecumenical Affairs to permit the new United Methodist Church to continue in COCU discussions. Actual consideration of a plan of union would not be possible until the 1972 General Conference. Only that body can commit The United Methodist Church to participation.

Noting the general lethargy toward union among local churches, Bishop Mathews hailed the development of a plan of union as "something concrete for the grass roots to examine and react to." In-

deed, COCU delegates confess that local-church laymen seem to be more disposed toward a united Protestant church than do some official leaders, since this country's high mobility has made denominational loyalty less a factor in church membership.

During the Dayton meeting, three commissions reported on a year-long study of the development of procedures for uniting memberships and ministries of the churches and for the formation of a Provisional Assembly Council which would initially govern the new church until the final adoption of a church constitution.

Some indication of the struggle ahead over structure came during a debate over the makeup of this Provisional Assembly. By a 38-37 vote, the consultation indicated its preference for equal representation of each of the participating denominations. A minority preferred a body made up of 25 members from each church, plus two additional members for each half million constituents. The defeated proposal would have given the new United Methodist Church the largest number of delegates, since its 11 million members make it the largest church in the consultation. Methodist delegates indicated that some form of representative government probably would be included in the final plan of union.

The consultation's next meeting will be in Atlanta, Ga., next March, at which time it hopes to consider a plan draft. Churches participating in COCU, in addition to The United Methodist Church, are the African Methodist Episcopal Church; the African Methodist Episcopal Church, Zion; the Christian Churches (Disciples of Christ); the Christian Methodist Episcopal Church; the Episcopal Church; the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.; the United Church of Christ; and the United Presbyterian Church in the USA.

In other business at Dayton, the consultation instructed each delegation to add a "youth member, under 28 years of age," in an effort to relate the union more to the younger generation. The consultation also adopted a budget permitting the addition of a full-time staff executive. —JAMES M. WALL

ministry is in this fact," the Oklahoma City bishop said.

Although Dr. Roberts has been affiliated with the Pentecostal Holiness Church, he emphasized that his ministry of evangelism has not been limited to any denomination. This ministry began in 1947, and the Oral Roberts Evangelistic Association was incorporated the following year.

Dr. Roberts founded *Abundant Life* and *Daily Blessing* magazines (total circulation, 585,000), has published 44 books and many articles, and conducts services on radio and television. He also is president of an 800-student university at Tulsa which bears his name, and it is expected that Bishop Smith will appoint him to continue at that post.

Dr. Roberts explained his change of church relationship as "an enlarged opportunity to minister."

The change will not affect the many activities in which the evangelist is now engaged, according to a colleague.

Currently he is engaged in completing special studies required by the former Methodist Church when a minister transfers from another denomination.

Emergency Assistance Rushed After Bolivian Floods

As flood waters raged over Montero, Bolivia, in February and March, Methodists joined in supplying food, shelter, medical care, and emergency needs.

The Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief (MCOR) immediately sent \$4,900 in cash and supplies through its own channels, in addition to funds sent through interdenominational channels by Church World Service, relief arm of the National Council of Churches.

These donations were followed by more money and emergency drug supplies. The donation of drugs was coordinated in part by Dr. James W. Alley, Methodist missionary and director general of the Montero hospital. His U.S. home is Steubenville, Ohio.

The Rural Institute and the John Wesley Seminary in Montero were converted into temporary shelters, and the Methodist hospital in the city was a center for a mass typhoid vaccination and other emergency health measures.

Several other Methodist missionaries were active in Bolivian flood-relief work, among them Harry Peacock and the Rev. Robert Caulfield, of San Benito, Texas, and Gardendale, Ala., respectively.

(Continued on page 13)

WILL YOU HELP HER FIND LOVE?



May-Lin lives in this one-room shack in Hong Kong, sharing floor space with ten other refugees. She still cries when she thinks about her parents, who were killed crossing the border from Communist China.

Her future? Well, unless someone helps her, the loneliness you see in her eyes will harden to bitterness. She needs nourishing food, medical care, clothing, school books—in short, everything you would wish for her if she were your own child . . .

And little May-Lin is only one heart-breaking reason why Christian Children's Fund desperately needs to find sponsors who will help care for needy youngsters.

Here in America, we've never had it so good. We spend \$1,000,000 a day just to *store* our surplus food! No wonder it's hard to believe that half of the world's children suffer from

poverty and malnutrition, according to a United Nations report.

Will you share your blessings?

For only \$12 a month you or your group can sponsor a boy or girl equally as needy as May-Lin, in your choice of the countries listed.

You will receive the child's picture, life history, and the opportunity to exchange letters, Christmas cards—and love.

Since 1938, American sponsors have found this to be the beginning of a warm personal friendship with a deserving child, making it possible for Christian Children's Fund to assist children in orphanages, schools, and special projects around the world.

So won't you help? Today?

Sponsors urgently needed this month for children in Korea, Taiwan, India, Brazil. (Or let us select a child for you from our emergency list.)

Write today:

Verbon E. Kemp

**CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S
FUND, Inc.** Box 511
Richmond, Va. 23204

I wish to sponsor ☐ boy ☐ girl in
(Country) _____

☐ Choose a child who needs me most.
I will pay \$12 a month. I enclose first
payment of \$ _____. Send me
child's name, story, address and pic-
ture. I cannot sponsor a child but want
to give \$ _____

☐ Please send me more information
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TG 68



THE KERNER REPORT:

Why the Church Must Listen

employed."—*Bishop Donald H. Tippet, San Francisco Area*

■ "The Kerner Report appeals to me because it does not try to scare us into taking steps to prevent riots. It offers no simple formula for riot control, for there is none. Instead, it sets forth the deep-down causes of disorders in the 'destructive environment' of ghetto living. All the churches working together do not have enough strength and influence to implement the recommendations in employment, education, welfare, and housing. Government, business, and the total religious community must work together if civil order is to come out of the present disorder. This report is a first long step."—*Bishop T. Otto Nall, Minnesota Area.*

■ "The most significant fact about this report is its acknowledgment that the social forces which breed civil disorders cannot be manipulated to counter the root causes of unrest—frustration and despair, continuing denial of rights, and the hopelessness of poverty. The great question is whether the necessary changes in social attitudes, and the resulting revisions of social and economic relationships can occur in time to avert still much more violent civil disorders."—*Bishop Ralph T. Alton, Wisconsin Area*

■ "The Kerner Report strikes at the real causes of impatience, frustration, and misery beyond human endurance among those who must live in rotten urban ghettos. The causes of human rebellion against conditions which would not be tolerated for animals in our society are clearly stated. The agenda for the church is also clear: we must join with all other Christians to list the priorities of this agenda and prepare our task forces to make God's presence real in the heart of the city."—*Bishop Eugene M. Frank, Missouri Area*

■ "The report is essentially a confession of guilt on the part of white, comfortable America. This report cannot leave the church at ease with itself. Perhaps our work has been well-intentioned, but it has not been nearly enough. We have not understood the suffering of black America. We cannot take refuge in excusing further effort because of violence in the streets."—*Bishop Gerald H. Kennedy, Los Angeles Area.*

■ "This report cannot be dismissed with charges of 'gross exaggeration.' Christian churchmen should approach the task of structur-

FOR those who read and listened, it hit white America like a thunderbolt. Among the first to respond to the National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders report, the voices of religious leaders sounded with persistent urgency: "Take it seriously. Act on it now!"

It is difficult to imagine a more timely document. Scarcely a month after its first publication (Bantam, paperback, \$1.25), fires of rebellion reddened nighttime skies of a hundred U.S. cities.

A week before those terrible April days, TOGETHER asked several Methodist bishops to comment on the report. They answered like this:

■ "This forthright report, a classic statement in the black renaissance, presents the great American dilemma in two findings. First, a great democracy which boasts of equal opportunity for all, in fact denies to certain minority groups their equality. Second, we have allowed suffering and poverty to become a way of life for many in our midst, denying them minimal standards of human decency in jobs, incomes, housing, education, and health care. Radical changes are demanded in attitudes and behavior if we are to avoid a holocaust of hate in the months ahead."—*Bishop John Wesley Lord, Washington, D.C. Area*

■ "An amazing document. It presents a forthright picture of the causes of civil disorders in the black ghettos, and the massive co-operative efforts that will be required of churches, social agencies, and government to alleviate present conditions. The program outlined is vast and costly yet would cost no more than the Viet Nam War; if we are

serious, we must be willing to accept additional tax burdens to help cure the ills of the ghetto. We must embark on programs that are not merely lip service to what we believe, but roll up our sleeves and get to work."—*Bishop Thomas M. Pryor, Chicago Area*

■ "As a member of the Governor's Commission on Civil Disorders in New Jersey, I had the painful experience of investigating firsthand the conditions of poverty, discrimination, corruption, and injustice which mock a nation of affluence. The New Jersey study and the Kerner Report were made independently, but came to almost identical conclusions. While civil disorder cannot be condoned, it certainly can be understood by those who take enough time to gather the facts. Churchmen must seek practical ways for deep involvement in meeting these crucial needs. If the church is to be the church, this is its only alternative."—*Bishop Prince A. Taylor, New Jersey Area*

■ "The Kerner Report raises mast-high distress signals about our national crisis that cannot be ignored. The churches, too, must speak out strongly against bigotry and racism; to do less is to condone the further polarization of our communities. We must confess that the churches have done little to mitigate the harsh conditions which caused the riots. A large number of white American church members still are dominated by race prejudice. If the churches would ward off a second Civil War, they will have to do something significant about discrimination of all kinds and accept a much larger share of the responsibility of finding employment for 2 million hard-core un-

ing training opportunities for young people and others employed not simply to prevent riots and lawlessness, but because it is *right*. Christian businessmen and stockholders in organizations who possess economic power can appropriately be expected to use it for the good of all persons in the community."—*Bishop H. E. Finger, Jr., Nashville Area*

■ "The nation is in the grip of civil war, we are told. The report reminds the religious majority of its abysmal failure—for it has helped create, and then condoned, the ghetto and its miseries. . . . It is the hour to recognize the long road we must travel. The Kerner Report grants none an 'out.' It demands we all move 'in,' acknowledging our past negligence and willing a new world."—*Bishop Lloyd C. Wicke, New York Area*

■ "Unless we accept its findings and move decisively and quickly to the root of the current unrest, we are headed for a summer of even greater terror and destruction in our urban areas. Those who presume to call themselves Christians need to face up to the indictment without self-deceit and move ahead to spend time and money to begin to lift our land from the blight of fear and poverty. This is a mission from which no Christian can even consider shrinking."—*Bishop R. Marvin Stuart, Denver Area*

■ "The Kerner Report is a good diagnosis of the present illness of our society. The cure does not lie in suppression of violence, but a total mobilization of energies and resources. The enemies are clear: racial hatred, injustice, and degrading poverty. If this crisis is given top priority in the life of every American, true reconciliation is possible. What other choice do we have?"—*Bishop James K. Mathews, Boston Area*

In other reactions, Ohio Bishops F. Gerald Ensley and Francis E. Kearns challenged churchmen to take the Kerner Report seriously, and make a determined effort to eradicate the destructive ghetto environment.

Bishop W. Kenneth Pope, Dallas Area, said white churches must make available their material, manpower, buildings, and budgets to meet the national crisis. "If we withhold them, we will have only ourselves to blame for what could come."

Bishop Dwight E. Loder, Detroit Area, stated that emphasis must be placed not on how to quell or handle riots, but upon the forces causing people to rebel against society. □

(Continued from page 10)

TRAFCO Produces Movie On Uniting Conference

The highlights of the Dallas Uniting Conference are portrayed in a color motion picture produced by the United Methodist Television, Radio, and Film Commission (TRAFCO).

The 10-minute, 16mm-film and other audio-visual material produced for the Uniting Conference Commission on Entertainment and Program, says chairman Dr. J. Otis Young, can be used by United Methodists as worship resources, for study of the new United Methodist Church, for ecumenical studies, in retreats, and in other meetings.

The motion picture will include highlights of the first three days of the conference, such as the Episcopal Address, union ceremony, and other historic moments.

Other materials will include 20 color slides of Uniting Conference highlights, audio-tape highlights of nine major events, and audio tapes of each day's plenary sessions.

All orders for the materials are being handled by TRAFCO.

Missouri Methodists, EUBs Are First to Merge

Missouri Methodists and Evangelical United Brethren apparently will be the first in the U.S. to merge their annual conferences within the framework of the new United Methodist Church.

Eighteen EUB congregations will join the Methodists of Missouri in a uniting service at the opening session of the Missouri East and Missouri West annual Conferences in late May and June of this year.

The United Methodist Church of

Missouri will be similar in structure to the former Methodist Church. District lines will remain largely unchanged with EUB ministerial appointments confirmed by the United Methodist bishop.

EUB pastors and laymen will have representation on all major quadrennial boards and agencies of the conferences.

Methodist Bishop Eugene M. Frank and EUB Bishop Paul W. Milhouse have provided the joint leadership in planning the union of the two denominational bodies.

'Censorship by Intimidation' Rapped by Humphrey

Washington's American University recently heard Vice-President Hubert H. Humphrey warn the nation against a growing "censorship by intimidation."

At a convocation marking the 75th anniversary of the Methodist-related school, the vice-president criticized militant groups "that feel they have cornered the market in social justice and virtue, and share a basic intolerance for the views of others."

Censorship by intimidation is at work, Mr. Humphrey said, when some Americans cannot visit a university campus in safety—much less make their views heard. He recalled how he was almost mobbed last year by students at Stanford University, that the same thing happened at Harvard to former Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara, and that former UN Ambassador Arthur Goldberg had been "bullied and shoved and harassed on several campuses."

During the speech, a walkout protesting the war in Viet Nam was staged by a student group called the Coalition. Mr. Humphrey earlier had declined to participate in a discussion session with the organization.

He received a standing ovation when television cameramen rushed to follow the protesters and he quipped, "Now if the cameras will just turn this way."

Methodist-Jewish Dialogue Focuses on Israel

A seminar of Methodists and Jews in Washington, D.C., discussed past and present relationships and the need of new understandings for the future.

The program, sponsored by the Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns and the American Jewish Committee, carried the theme *The Vocation of Israel*. According to seminar codirector Dr. Grover C. Bagby of the Methodist board, "Understand-

CENTURY CLUB

Six new members joined the Century Club this month. They are:

Dirk Balk, 100, Oskaloosa, Iowa.
Mrs. A. E. Fowler, 100, Scottsbluff, Nebr.

Mary Etta Austin, 100, Altus, Okla.

Mrs. Myrtle Lee, 100, Shreve, Ohio.

John Mitchell, 100, Corry, Pa.
The Rev. William H. Spybey, 100, Toledo, Ohio.

In submitting nominations for the Century Club, please include the nominee's present address, date of birth, name of the church where the centenarian is a member, and its location.

ing of Jewish vocation can help understanding of Christianity."

The participants generally agreed that this initial encounter should be followed by others in order to view areas of difference as well as points of common interest. They also agreed that neither group considered the other "as fit objects for mission" or proselytizing.

In discussing future directions, Rabbi Marc H. Tanenbaum urged that consideration be given to relationships with other religious groups, especially Islam. The rabbi also suggested exploration of possibilities for joint service and examination of social issues in theological terms.

The seminar gave considerable attention to the feeling among some Jews that Christians failed to express adequate support of Israel in the 1967 six-day war with Arab states.

One speaker said, "Jews did not want blanket endorsement of the government, but an expression of concern for survival of the people" in the face of what they consider to be imminent genocide. Other spokesmen, however, said that the State of Israel "is not the central concern of all Jews" and that Jews are "not clear themselves" on the idea of peoplehood.

Publishing House Employees' Union Rejection Stands

Methodist Publishing House mailing and shipping employees in Nashville have rejected (by a vote of 112 to 86) a bid for union organization by the International Brotherhood of Bookbinders.

The certified results of the February 8 election were not known until April 3 because of objections raised

by the union and the Publishing House. A spokesman for the latter said the National Labor Relations Board in Washington overruled the union's 20 challenges but sustained one by the Publishing House.

The February election was a rerun of one held in December, 1967. The first election was set aside by the National Labor Relations Board.

"The Methodist Publishing House is grateful," said Lovick Pierce, president and publisher, "for this expression of confidence in its management . . . and pledges itself to continued efforts to justify this confidence."

Viet Relief Workers Return After Tet Offensive

Methodists and other relief workers of Vietnam Christian Service (VCS) have moved back into areas of Viet Nam ravaged during the Tet offensive.

Dr. J. Harry Haines, general secretary of the Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief (MCOR), reported that many VCS workers and their dependents were evacuated to Singapore, to Penang, Malaysia, or at least to Saigon. Because of these and other precautions, none of the 105 workers was injured.

As these people returned to their posts, they found the conditions of Viet Nam's 2 million refugees greatly worsened. They have asked that \$100,000 be made available for emergency projects. MCOR will provide at least \$25,000.

In tribute to the continued zeal of the VCS workers, Dr. Haines said, "These workers are asking for the continued backing of their supporting churches in America. We must be on our guard against compassion fatigue and be ready to provide the resources of money, personnel, food, and clothing that will be called for. The needs are more urgent now," he adds, and a ministry of Christian compassion will be needed for many years to come. "If in the providence of God there is a cease-fire in the not too distant future, then we will need dedicated men and women able to go in and help rebuild the fabric of Vietnamese society."

The Methodist workers with VCS in Viet Nam include the following:

Miss Sarah Clark, Decatur, Ala., nurse; Miss Rebecca H. Gould, Crystal Springs, Pa., nurse; the Rev. and Mrs. R. Dean Hancock, Elkhorn, Wis., nutrition and home-economic specialists; Miss Tharon McConnell, Mooresville, N.C., nurse; and the Rev. and Mrs. Everett W. Thompson, Jefferson, N.H., former missionaries to Japan now training Vietnamese social workers in Saigon.

United Methodists in the News

The Rev. Ronald Paul Patterson, editor of two Evangelical United Brethren magazines, *Friends* and *Youth Leader*, has been awarded the Ralph Stoddy Fellowship in Journalism.

The Rev. B. J. Stiles, editor of *Motive*, has been granted a leave of absence to join the presidential campaign staff of U.S. Sen. Robert Kennedy.

Tangible evidences of the merging Methodist and EUB Churches are appointments of several former EUBs to United Methodist Church posts: the Rev. Howard E. Walker, pastor of Trinity Evangelical United Brethren Church in Sacramento, Calif., to an editorship of children's publications, Board of Education; the Rev. Warren R. Ebinger, pastor of First Evangelical United Brethren Church, Naperville, Ill., to assistant general secretary, Board of Christian Social Concerns; the Rev. Hector Navas, former administrator of the Ybor City EUB mission in Tampa, Fla., to executive director of two Methodist settlements in Tampa.

Miss Greer Kay Hemphill, daughter of a United Methodist minister, was selected as 1968 princess of the District of Columbia Cherry Blossom Festival.

Bishop Gerald Kennedy of Los Angeles has been named 1968 Clergyman of the Year by Religious Heritage of America.

Dr. Eric N. Rackham, now on the

staff of Kent State University, Kent, Ohio, has been nominated for the presidency of United Methodist-related McKendree College in Lebanon, Ill.

Wayne H. Cowan, managing editor of *Christianity and Crisis*, will become its first editor in the 27-year history of the Protestant biweekly journal.

Two United Methodist laymen have been named presidents of colleges affiliated with other denominations; Dr. Arthur S. Flemming, president of the University of Oregon, to Presbyterian-affiliated Macalester College, St. Paul, Minn.; Dr. Martin Luther Shotzberger, dean of the University College of the University of Richmond, Va., to Catawba College, a United Church of Christ-affiliated college in Salisbury, N.C.

Mrs. Marianne Campbell, Gallipolis, Ohio, was elected president of the Association of Professional Broadcast Education as it met in Chicago.

Dr. Lester Buryl Scherer, professor of religion in Adrian (Mich.) College, is the winner of the 1968 Jesse Lee Prize of \$1,500 presented by the Association of Methodist Historical Societies. His book-length manuscript is *Ezekiel Cooper, An Early American Methodist Leader*.

Air Force Chaplain (Maj.) Charles H. Whipple, a member of the Southern California-Arizona Conference, was killed in an air accident near Okinawa; he was en route to a nearby island to conduct religious services.

PROPHET WITHOUT HONOR

*I set watchmen over you, saying,
"Give heed to the sound of the trumpet!"
But they said, "We will not give heed."
Therefore hear, O nations,
and know, O congregation, what will
happen to them.
Hear, O earth; behold, I am bringing
evil upon this people,
the fruit of their devices,
because they have not given heed to my words;
and as for my law, they have rejected it.
—Jeremiah 6:17-19*

Perhaps Martin Luther King, Jr., was wrong after all. He was an idealist, a Christian minister driven by the demands of the Gospels. He could not be still in the face of injustice. He was unashamedly militant, yet he categorically rejected violence as a means for achieving change. He staked his energies and his life on the conviction that love and reason and forgiveness could change the minds and actions of men, could sway the balance in a divided nation which always has professed great humanitarian ideals, but which still falls short of living up to them.

Because of this, he was murdered.

Comparison with other martyrs of history—Socrates, Jesus, John Huss, Lincoln, Ghandi—is incapable. They, too, tried to bend history with reason and love, rather than violence—and were hated for it. Men persist in slaying their prophets, for prophets issue the challenge of new understandings, growth, change. And we are more comfortable with familiar evil than with unexperienced good.

Ironically, Dr. King's last published magazine article, *Showdown for Non-Violence*, appeared in *Look* the very week of his murder. In it, he declared that "the flash point of Negro rage is close at hand," and that "We have come to the point where there is no longer a choice. . . . It must be militant, massive non-violence, or riots."

Is the assassin's bullet our society's response? It is, we must confess, the answer of many. That one man with a high-powered rifle was sick, but our society made him so. We all had a part—the gentle people of undeclared goodwill who have condoned evil as well as those whose violent hatred directly twisted the assassin's mind.

Sadly, Dr. King's slaying purged little of our sickness and healed few of our divisions. When the shock wore off and honest emotions began to sur-



face again, most whites were as recalcitrant or unseeing as before, while many Negroes expressed deepened frustration, anger, and impatience with nonviolence. To many whites, who have the power to change our rush toward disaster, Dr. King still was seen not as a prophet but rather a trouble-maker; not as a martyr, but a man who asked for it. Those who misunderstood his efforts in life misread or mocked the significance of his death.

Yet his death, like his life, exposed still more of our sickness. Cheers echoed in one suburban bowling alley when the announcement was made. People grumbled because TV news bulletins interrupted *Peyton Place* or *Bewitched*, and because stores were closed on the day of the funeral. A U.S. senator remarked that Dr. King was always going around sticking his nose in other people's business, and a U.S. representative hoped the Congress wouldn't rush into new laws, since legislation is very important and long-lived, while Martin Luther Kings come and go. Most public statements and coverage by mass media emphasized the tragedy of the loss, but down at the grass roots of white society the familiar racist jokes and retorts made the rounds, showing the absence of even elemental human decency and concern about the murder of a man, a man of peace, who happened to be black.

Like those Jeremiah and other Old Testament prophets addressed, we hear not, even though the walls of our own cities are beginning to crash down upon our heads.

Was Martin Luther King wrong? Is it impossible to move men, even men of goodwill, with reason and love? Can change come only out of fear and violence? Must our society be torn down to end its injustices? Must we have more martyrs?

God help us all.

—YOUR EDITORS

EXTREMISM IS

EASY

By GEORGE HEDLEY

BLACK IS black, and white is white, and never the twain shall meet. That would seem to state the attitude of many contemporary racists, whether they line up with George Wallace or with Stokely Carmichael.

Today's most audible demands from the Negro community (that is, from those who choose to call themselves "Black") are not for any integration of American society, but for exactly the sort of *apartheid* which many Caucasians of the Old South regard as their own ideal.

It is not only in the realm of race, however, that the assumptions of absolute whiteness and absolute blackness are prevalent. The Viet Nam war provides for the moment the most striking example, or, to speak more accurately, a number of such examples. There are hawks who demand unrestricted and even nuclear bombing of the North, and there are doves who plead for immediate, total, and unconditional withdrawal from the South. Young men defy federal law by burn-

ing their draft cards, and General Lewis B. Hershey has suggested short-cutting judicial process by the summary induction of such protesters.

Economic doctrines also are seen often as assured finalities, whether by the rigid Marxist or by the beligerent free enterpriser. Angry politicians demand crackdowns on welfare recipients, and angry welfare groups demonstrate against local administrations. Frustrated youngsters engage in violent assaults on both property and people, and frustrated police insist that only violence on their part can ensure civil peace.

Superficially less dramatic, but scarcely less divisive, are the oppositions in theology and religion. The atheist holds in contempt anyone who believes in any kind of God, and the fundamentalist alternately pities and berates anyone who does not believe in the particular kind of God this particular fundamentalist has chosen for himself. The social gospeler sees religion as almost solely a movement for social reform, and many leading laymen declare that religion has no proper concern with social issues.

Each of these disputants is sure that his own position is correct and indisputable. Each regards any view other than his as being wrong-headed, destructive, and ultimately wicked. Black is black, says each of his opposite, and against that blackness he proudly waves the banner of his own unquestionable whiteness.

There can be no denying the attractiveness of such an approach to problems. To be sure of the truth is to avoid any need of thinking and any discomfort of questioning, let alone any agony of doubt. To regard the opposition as utterly wrong, whether wrong just intellectually or morally as well, is to reinforce one's contentment in his own rightness and righteousness. To deny the possibility of there being any tenable middle ground is to be a 'secure possessor of one's chosen terrain along an outer border.

The psychological identity of extremists, and notably of what we may call opposite extremists, is evident. Neither hawk nor dove admits the possibility of his judgments being in error. Neither doctrinaire Marxist nor dogmatic capitalist con-

An INTERCHURCH FEATURE originated by The Lutheran. The author is a retired Lutheran college chaplain now living in California.
—Your Editors

cedes the slightest validity to an opposing view, or even to a questioning attitude. Both Southern Irish Roman Catholics and Northern Irish Orangemen exhibit the same rigor, the same kind of suspicious hatred, the same denial of Christian status each to the other.

All this provides indeed an easy way of looking at life. It makes a minimum of intellectual demands, and guarantees rightness in all emotional reactions. It needs no complicated set of categories, no second thoughts, no labored revaluations. Above all, it provides the joy of complete self-satisfaction.

The fact remains that in each pairing of extremes the positions are two, and wholly incompatible. An observer then is forced to ask whether any one of these easy absolutes can finally be maintained and defended.

Two other questions present themselves, especially to the Christian. One is the question of truth. The other is that of love. The Hebrew-Christian ideal calls for truth in the inward parts, and the Gospel requires love for all people under every condition.

Both the first and the second of these problem areas demand the kind of laborious inquiry and examination which the extremist rejects. Whether we are thinking about Viet Nam, or about socio-economic policies, or about biblical interpretation, we have no right to an opinion (to say nothing of a settled conviction) until we have done everything in our power to examine all the evidence. Nor are we permitted to limit ourselves, as our custom so commonly is, to studying only the evidence on the side where we happen to be standing already.

A pastor, accused of communist leanings because of a sermon in which actually he had attacked communism as well as fascism, sent a copy to one of his most vocal accusers. "Of course I didn't read it," said the lady to a friend of hers. "I'm certainly not going to read anything a Communist has written." The same preacher was assailed by a left-wing paper on the basis of the same sermon as a "muddled liberal" who was a not quite innocent tool of the forces of reaction.

Perhaps not many of us are as irrational as that rightist and those leftists. But almost all of us listen eagerly to TV speeches by spokesmen for our own party, and hastily turn off the set when the other side is on the air. This is no way to the learning of anything.

Sober investigation in any of the areas of controversy leads almost inevitably to the judgment that there are not, nor can be, any easy answers. Total war in southeast Asia threatens all mankind. Total and unconditional withdrawal of our forces threatens a fearful blood bath immediately on our departure. Governmental monopoly in commerce and industry seems to stifle initiative. Private, uncontrolled economic dominance creates fearful injustices, and has led on occasion to general social disaster. A stubbornly literal use of the Scriptures creates not only intellectual confusions but moral ones as well. A cavalier disregard of the Scriptures is a denial of one of the greatest treasures of our heritage.

THE Christian as a lover of truth is under obligation to look not only at both sides of any dispute but also at the many and varied areas in between. When he does, he will discover that things are much more puzzling than he supposed. If he persists in a genuinely open inquiry, he is likely to have real difficulty in deciding exactly where he will want to stand. That does not excuse him from continuing the quest. Rather, it offers, in the long run, a sounder stance and much more confidence in it.

The other problem about extremism is its almost universal and practically inevitable disregard of human personalities in particular and of human worth in general.

Typically the extremist is a hater: the Marxist hates the capitalist, the fundamentalist the liberal theologian, the draftee his board, and the board its recalcitrant draftee. There is reason to believe that "the authoritarian personality" is one which is basically insecure. The insecure find escape most easily in hatred, and the more insecure they are, the more virulent their hatreds.

Yet, the world need not belong to

Stalin or Hitler, nor America to Wallace or Carmichael. There has been historic virtue and political blessing in the fact that, if only for crassly tactical reasons, our political parties always have had both liberals and conservatives within each of them. This has made for a tolerable balance in most campaigns, and regularly it has prevented violent reversals upon changes of administration.

What we need as persons is a comparable balance within ourselves, with caution and adventure playing something like equal parts, and with an active curiosity building new materials into those structures of knowledge and thought which already we possess. To see life steadily and to see it whole demands much more than to see it hysterically and partially; but it is to see life more truly, and so to live it more constructively.

Seeing other persons steadily, and dealing with them creatively, may be still more difficult. It is not easy to love those with whom we sharply disagree. It is indefinitely more of a strain to love those who openly hate us, and every one of us, willy-nilly, and whatever his own positions may be, is hated by extremists of several miscellaneous sorts.

The Christian nonetheless, loving truth, will not cease to love the fool and the liar whom he may meet in the way. He will remember, too, that quite possibly they aren't fool or liar after all, that it may be he who is imprisoned in mistakes and who is holding eagerly to falsehood. Similarly, it may turn out that another's hatred can be transmuted into love if only we on our part love him in sincerity and in truth.

All the contending extremisms, all the battling extremists, do meet at the back of the circle, in their psychological identity. The task of the Christian is to bring them together openly in the middle foreground, where by mutual inquiry and understanding they come nearer to a sharing of genuine knowledge, a new oneness in wisdom and love.

Extremism is an easy choice. Christian understanding is more difficult. The true Christian will know which to choose. □



With the church's sparkling new multipurpose building as a backdrop, young Summer Fun Schoolers play a spirited game of duck and goose on the parking lot. Every morning, the church's two buses shuttle youngsters to their classes. At this stop (right), mother of kindergartners see their charges off.

At Cleveland's First Methodist Church:

A Summer of Fun and Learning



Dr. Paul Ward, pastor since 1962, is committed to the principle that a church must serve those who live near it. Soon after his arrival, he began planning the new building unit which was finished just as the first Fun School started in 1966.

WHEN YOU approach it on busy Euclid Avenue at the corner of East 30th Street, it almost perfectly fits the stereotype of an old, inner-city Protestant church: a mass of dull stone and muted stained glass topped by one of those ornate, flat-roofed towers that might have been lifted bodily from a medieval fortress. Its turn-of-the-century Gothic contrasts sharply with contemporary motels and office buildings that face it across the broad avenue which is the main thoroughfare between downtown Cleveland and its eastern suburbs.

But this first impression—that the church is a quaint, somber, perhaps irrelevant echo of another era—is quickly dispelled when you turn off Euclid and swing into the



Fun School is over for another day, but learning isn't. This is Mrs. Kenneth Fields, director of Christian education and the guiding force behind the school, leading one of the regular evaluation sessions for teachers. Some are college students without teaching experience, so these learn-as-you-do sessions are invaluable.

Text by **Richard C. Underwood** / Pictures by **George P. Miller**

Learning for Ghetto Children

large, newly paved parking lot behind it. A big bus labeled "First Methodist Church" has just pulled in, and a couple dozen young children are spilling out of it. Off at one side, several youngsters are engrossed in an informal kick-ball game; nearby, three boys are having a footrace along the wire fence while a cluster of giggling girls watch. Still others are filing into a glass-encased entrance to a sleek new building that almost blocks vision of the old church. It is sheer light limestone, with translucent white marble slabs where windows might be, and it reflects the bright sunshine of this July morning.

Inside, more surprises. Children are trooping down fully carpeted halls to bright classrooms. Outside it was 86 de-

grees; inside, every room is a cool, air-conditioned 72. The children, though, show a striking lack of uniformity. They include whites, Negroes, American Indians, Puerto Ricans, and Orientals. Some are neatly and adequately dressed; others wear ill-fitting, obviously hand-me-down clothing. A few have no shoes. But the overriding impression is that these kids are having the time of their lives.

This is Summer Fun School at First Methodist Church, open to any child in the church's primary parish of more than 200 square blocks on Cleveland's near East Side. Last summer, 225 youngsters—all but a dozen or so between the ages of 4 and 11—enrolled for the five-week program that began July 10. This summer the school stretches to



His intensity suggests this may be his first look into the littlest world—one way Fun School provides new, broadening experiences for ghetto children.

seven weeks, and probably will draw still more youngsters.

Summer programs for children are not unusual in churches, of course. But First Methodist's Fun School has some features which, added together, set it apart. For example:

Financing: Though very few of the children are from member families, the church underwrites virtually all costs—some \$8,300 last summer, which was more than half of its annual local-mission budget. Much of that amount went for salaries (\$30 to \$50 a week) for the 26 teachers (6 other staff workers also were paid), and for lunches for each child every day.

Facilities: The Fun School is conducted in a new multi-purpose building, completed in 1966 at a cost of nearly \$700,000. "My approach here has been the same as in any suburban church I've served," says Dr. Paul Ward, the pastor since 1962. "It is to provide first-class facilities." The church financed the new building—and some \$300,000 more in remodeling and restoration of the old church—by tapping an endowment fund established back in 1905, when the congregation sold its former property at East 9th and Euclid and invested \$250,000 in stocks and bonds. The endowment still contains some \$2.6 million, and in recent years a major part of the church's operating budget has come from endowment income.

Location: About 65,000 people live in First Methodist's primary parish, many of them in deteriorating or outright slum neighborhoods. The area north of Euclid Avenue is roughly 70 percent white; south it is 70 percent Negro.

Many of the area's residents are recent arrivals in the city; low incomes are common, and a number of families are on welfare. The worst section is a so-called "forgotten slum" east of the church, some 40 square blocks earmarked for urban renewal five years ago but still untouched. Largely Negro, it illustrates social psychologist Kenneth Clark's statement that "causes of unrest and despair among urban-ghetto Negroes, as well as their grim, sobering, and costly consequences, are found in classic form in Cleveland." The nation's worst riots of 1966 erupted in the city's Hough section, a Negro ghetto that begins just 25 blocks east of the church.

Children, of course, are the saddest victims of ghetto environment. This was on Dr. Ward's mind when he came to the church fresh from service as Youngstown District superintendent. But to enlarge the church's ministry to those nearby, particularly the youngsters, he concluded that larger and better facilities would be required.

From the time architectural studies began for the new unit, Dr. Ward worked closely with the church's dynamic director of Christian education, Mrs. Kenneth Fields—"Ann" to everyone around First Methodist—to be sure the new building would meet both present and future needs. She has directed the Fun School since its inception, and certainly one reason for its success is the design of the new unit—large, well-equipped classrooms, a spacious dining room with an adjoining full kitchen, a meeting room seating over 400, and other special purpose space.

"We started by studying the kinds of people in our primary parish, assessing their needs, and then projecting how this church best might meet them," Mrs. Fields recalls. "We concluded that we should concentrate—at least at first—on work with children. Of course, we can't meet all their needs in one summer or even one year. But at least we have begun to do what we can."

Fun School runs from 9 a.m. to 3 p.m. five days a week. A typical class session might include stories, indoor and outdoor games, role-playing, arts and crafts, drama, music, reading, and creative writing. Or the class might leave on one of the frequent field trips, which have included visits to the lake, the aquarium, the art museum, a farm, a bakery, a printing plant, the public library, and metropolitan parks. But just keeping children happily busy—certainly a by-product—is not a basic purpose in itself.

"One of our underlying goals," says Ann Fields, "is to establish person-to-person relationships with adults, something which many of these children from large or one-parent families lack. A second goal is to help children get some of the chips off their shoulders and learn better how to get along with others. And, finally, we hope to broaden the ghetto child's outlook through exposure to new and broadening experiences which help him reinterpret life and his place in it. In short, we try to give each child hope."

Surely one reason for Fun School's success has been the enthusiasm of its teachers. While a professional teacher leads each class, many assistants are college students without teaching experience. All teachers spend two weeks in training and orientation before the school begins. During this time they also canvass nearby ghettos for students—so they know the environments from which the children come.

The fact that there is roughly one teacher for every



Fun School classes run the gamut of subjects, even teaching the fundamentals of sewing to third-grade girls. For kindergartners, however, there is no excitement like a field trip to the 48-acre suburban farm of Earl C. Gibbs (below), where they see cows, ponies, chickens, a donkey, and pigs—plus how common vegetables grow.





Periodic visits keep teachers in touch with parents of Fun Schoolers like this young mother (wearing slacks) at Cedar-Central Apartments, a 30-year-old public-housing project. Sixty percent Negro, it has about 1,500 children. The church also works with senior citizens who live in the distant high rise.

eight students is a cause for enthusiasm in itself, says Mrs. Mildred Rogers, a public-school teacher assistant who has taught two summers in the Fun School.

"The biggest thrill," she says, "is to help kids do things they never did before. Here there is a much greater chance of doing that than in the overcrowded public schools, where one teacher may have 40 or more pupils."

Another of last summer's teachers was Jean Boyer, a college junior from suburban Independence. "This experience has made me seriously think about a teaching career," she says. "But it just couldn't be in a sheltered suburban school. This is where the challenge is. These kids have a special need for love and attention. When the day is over, I still hear all the little voices that have been screaming and shouting all day long. I can't forget them."

The summer program has sparked many spin-off programs through the rest of the year. After the first summer, a Saturday Fun School was begun by popular demand. Other activities have included a growing range of after-school activities for various age groups; first-aid, baby care, and home-economics classes; support of clubs and athletic teams; and a Saturday tutoring program last winter conducted mainly by 50 students from nearby colleges.

Perhaps more significantly, Fun School has been the church's avenue into many homes, and to more work with adults—including basic education classes and fellowship groups. Associate Pastor J. Thomas Johnson, a Negro, has drawn many older youths and adults closer to the church through intensive visitation of Fun School families. "If through serving the child we can move into the home," says Ann Fields, "our influence as a church is multiplied."

This, Dr. Ward notes, often is a very slow process. "Many in our area have moved to the city only recently, and even after two or three years are not participating in the life of the community. We estimate that there are 40,000 persons in our parish with Protestant backgrounds, but we are not going to get them into the church unless we somehow establish personal contact and convince them we really want them. The school has helped us do this."

The decision to commit major funds and effort to neighborhood service was not accomplished without controversy in the congregation. Many of the church's 435 members are older, and some who grew up nearby have moved to the suburbs as the neighborhood has changed. Some did not favor heavy investment in programs for nonmembers; others opposed the heavy withdrawals from the endowment fund for building and remodeling.

Dr. Ward regrets that there has been disagreement, but holds fast to his conviction that any church must serve and win the people around it. "We're always going to have some flak," he observes, "but that's the case whenever a church really tries to be the body of Christ. The sad thing is, some of our people are missing the time of their life working with persons in the neighborhood."

Meanwhile, thanks largely to the Summer Fun School, the word is out in nearby ghettos that First Methodist cares. Whenever one of the church buses rumbles down a ghetto street, it is greeted on every block by smiles and waves from adults—and happy shouts from the children. That's a pretty good sign that this church is doing its small part in relating to the many around it who have been forgotten or shut out by the rest of society. □

THERE WAS a boy. Like other boys, he went to school. He had a bike. He went on hikes. Once he broke a window. He went blackberrying in the summer. He hunted for butternuts in the fall. He skied in winter. He picked mayflowers in the spring—they smelled like mayflowers smell.

He had his secret places to hide in. He played games—tag, cops and robbers, war. Sometimes, as he played games, he thought to himself, “How good that these are games and not for real!”

There was an older boy. He drove his father’s car, played football, got good marks, walked with his girl through white, quiet, snow-filled nights in the village where they lived. He studied current events and read about people like Haile Selassie and Benito Mussolini. He read books—*All Quiet on the Western Front*

MEMORIAL DAY REFLECTIONS

By LAWRENCE WARNER



and *The Red Badge of Courage*. As he read, he thought to himself, “How good that these are just stories, and not for real!”

There was a college student. He was a college student like other college students. Among other things he studied German, and he laughed about his professor’s hatred of the Germans (she was French). He danced and played for dances. He played chess.

One of his chess games was interrupted once by a radio broadcasting the raving voice of Adolf Hitler. The student was disappointed because, even though he had studied German for two years, he couldn’t understand a word the man was saying. And as he tried to listen, and at the same time pondered his next chess move, he thought to himself, “How good that

this thing is way over there, and really not for real!”

There was a young man. He was a young man like other young men. He had a job. He registered for the draft. He dated his girl on weekends. He drove the long drive from home to work the Sunday of Pearl Harbor.

He tried on the way to think large thoughts—of country, and democracy, and sacrifice, and honor. He really thought small thoughts—about the young boy and the games of cops and robbers, and war; and about the older boy as he read *All Quiet on the Western Front*, and of his fear of bayonets and blood and guns. And he thought to himself, “My God, not me! This can’t be for real!”

There was an Air Corps cadet. No one had suggested to him that there was any other course—not father or mother or teacher or preacher. We had been attacked; we would fight back. And shortly, then, there was no time for questions anyway. There were cadences to count, and music to march to. There were

An INTERCHURCH FEATURE, originated by The Lutheran, official magazine of the Lutheran Church in America. The author, a Lutheran layman who was a World War II bomber pilot, now is mayor of Altamont, N.Y.—Editors

parades to prepare for, physicals to pass, props to pull, sergeants to swear at, shoes to shine.

He learned to fly—high—in the sky. He married his girl. His goals became two: a set of silver wings, weekend passes to spend with his wife. He earned them both. He learned songs: "We'll live in fame or go down in flame . . ." "I've got sixpence, jolly, jolly sixpence; I've got sixpence, to last me all my life." He started a son.

And up there in the air was beauty, not bayonets and blood; and all around was glamour, not guns. And sometimes in the middle of the night during those short weekends he'd reach over and touch the girl who was his wife, and he would think to himself, "Is this for real? Is this really for real?"

There was an 8th Air Force pilot. He was a good pilot. He had a good crew. He flew the best aircraft in the world; they were christened with strange, romantic, fairy-tale names: "ETO Playhouse," "Wolf's Lair," "Patchie" (his ship), "Final Approach," "Liberty Lib."

At briefings, way before sunrise, he listened to the chaplain pray for victory over the enemy (the enemy at that time . . . we're friends now, and you know, it's better!)—he listened to the chaplain, but he listened less and less, because it seemed as though he could begin to picture God up there, or out there, or in here, looking down, or in, or out, and shaking his head.

And there was excitement, and rapport, and camaraderie, and precision, and sunrises above the clouds and the thunder of six thousand 1,200 horsepower engines. And there was blood, and broken glass, and broken oil lines, and runaway props, and flak, and pieces of meat, and vomit—and loneliness.

And through this the pilot flew his missions. He earned his Air Medal with Oak Leaf clusters. He won his Distinguished Flying Cross. He watched his friends die high, flaming deaths. (They did "go down in flame.") He caused the deaths of uncounted others; he doesn't know who they were or how many; but he knows they are dead. And this knowing lives with him. And this is real!

There was a veteran. He was like all other veterans, fed up with "taking orders," through with being responsible for the lives of other men. From here on he'd look out for number one and number one's family. And he did. He went back to his first job. His wife gave him more sons. The war faded; when he remembered, it was the good things, not the horrible. He went back to church.

Then his father died—too young. And a question began to nag away at him: "Could it be that of all those people who died back there, there might have been one who could have found the answer to this leukemia, had he lived? Might I have been the one who killed him?" And therefore, was the son—who had been a hero in his father's eyes—really responsible for his father's death? And this question was for real!

There was a father—and he looked at his sons. He read the newspaper—Alexander and Baker and Childs and Fichenberg and Reston and White. He listened to newscasts. And he looked at his sons.

He thought of their thoughts as they played their games, and rode their bikes, and went on hikes, and hid in their secret places, and walked through their snow; and he thought "My God—"

He listened to them talk on a Memorial Day morning—about Viet Nam, and the Viet Cong, and draft status, and casualty lists: "1,710 of the enemy (a different one now) dead, a substantially smaller number of our own."

And he thought, "Have I learned enough, as far as I have come, to say anything intelligent to my sons? And if I have, how do I go about saying it? Should I say the trite things—the truisms—that war doesn't work, that there has to be some other way, that the smell of the gunpowder from those rifles which will shortly be fired down there at the park will never in this world cover up the stink of the deaths that are caused by these wars we fight?"

"Should I attempt an intellectual dissertation on the relative benefits and risks emanating from policies involving the 'obligation of power,' the 'responsibility of power,' the 'affluence of power,' the 'arrogance of power,' the 'underpinning of power,' from 'restraint in the exercise of power'?"

"Or should I speak to them of morals—a man's moral code and a nation's moral code (every man's, every nation's)? Should I shout to them that a nation can live by a moral code just as a man can—that if a man can act with altruism, then a nation of men can do the same? If a man can turn the other cheek, then a nation of men can do the same. If a man can love God and love his neighbor, then a nation of men can do the same."

Finally, he thought, "No! Climb down from your soapbox. Tell them very simply about the one important thing you are beginning to learn. Say this to them:

"Do you want a world of peace and hope, and the love that makes this possible? Then make it your job to show—every day—as much concern for people who are alive as we now do once a year for people who are dead.

"Do you really want a world alive with peace and hope? Then get yourselves involved with people—with people with names like Helen, Jim, Don, Lucy, Ethyl, Dick—these people are alive! Get yourselves so involved with them that you don't do a thing, make a move, say a word, think a thought, dream a dream, pray a prayer without them in the background of what you're doing, moving, saying, thinking, dreaming, praying!"

He thought, "If I tell them this, at least they will know the way their father feels. And if they will do it, and if every son would do it, we might just cover up that stink of death with the fragrance of a lasting, living peace—among all men—all nations."

There was a man. He was given a chance to talk to a group of people in the park in the afternoon on Memorial Day. He wanted so very much to express to them his concern for them, his hope for what they might do to help build this peace. He didn't know how else to say it, so he told them a story. □

a contemporary litany

By SHELDON R. GERARDEN

Pastor, Aldersgate Methodist Church, Rockford, Illinois

✠ *Seeking greater impact and relevance, hundreds of churches are experimenting with new worship forms and styles. Some use contemporary music, drama, and art. Others, including this pastor, have used old forms such as the litany in new ways. A few react negatively, he observes, but most responses are positive. The larger value, he feels, is their demonstration that true worship is not confined to certain familiar forms.*

minister:

As Christians you are
different from other
professing religious peoples,
are you not?

Believers in Christ:

We are!

minister:

What is it that makes you
say you are different?
Your sense of social justice?
Certainly the believers in
Buddha are just as concerned.
Your missionary zeal?
Certainly the Muslims are
just as zealous.
Or is it the belief that your
God is the one true God?
Certainly the Hindu believes
the same of his gods.

Believers in Christ:

We are uniquely different in that
our faith's founder, Jesus Christ,
lives. No other religious peoples
can say that of their founder. We
are different not in what we would
do, or should do, but in what
motivates our behavior.

minister:

And what is that? *

Believers in Christ:

Love! Love that commands us to
love our God and each other.

minister:

And this is what makes you
different, *love*?

Believers in Christ:

Yes, for it prompts us to put *others*
before *self*. It jars us from
the pit of indifference, and it
causes us to seek
to forgive more than to be forgiven,
to help more than to be helped,
to understand more than to be understood.
In short, love distinguishes
us as Christian.

minister:

This love that you speak of
could transform the hearts
and minds of the people of
the world. Where did you
learn of it?

Believers in Christ:

From God, who so loved the world that
he gave his only Son, that whoever
believes in him would not perish,
but would have eternal life.

minister:

Do you truly believe it?

Believers in Christ:

We do, to the extent that we are
willing to lose our lives for Christ's
sake as he gave his life for our sake.

amen.



UNUSUAL Methodists

Dr. Richard Kinney, internationally known educator who is both blind and deaf, converses with his secretary, Mrs. Jean Ridenour, in his office. She informs him of the contents of the mail, briefs him on newspaper reports, and accompanies him to meetings to relay what is said, using the Helen Keller hand alphabet.

ONLY THREE AMERICANS having the twin handicaps of blindness and deafness have been graduated from college. And only two of them—Helen Keller and Richard Kinney—hold honorary doctorates from their alma maters.

Richard Kinney, class valedictorian, was graduated *summa cum laude* from Methodist-related Mount Union College, Alliance, Ohio, in 1954. Now associate director of Hadley School for the Blind, Winnetka, Ill., he gives inspiration and guidance each year to 3,000 students throughout the world. (Hadley was the first school to teach blind persons of all ages and nationalities through Braille correspondence courses.)

In 1966, the 500 Illinois Lions Clubs sent Dr. Kinney on a world tour to study methods used in teaching the blind in other countries. During the tour he spoke to groups from Italy to Hong Kong, and was interviewed on radio and television. He dined with the mayor of Athens, was received by Pope Paul VI, and interviewed India's Prime Minister Indira Gandhi. In 1959

he received a meritorious service citation from President Dwight D. Eisenhower, and in 1966 he met President Lyndon B. Johnson as one of eight recipients of Anne Sullivan gold medals for outstanding contributions to society. Last March the U.S. state department sent him on a goodwill tour of South America.

"Physical blindness merely cuts a person's sensory channels, and science is overcoming this handicap with breakthrough after breakthrough," Dr. Kinney told a London audience during his 1966 tour. "Blindness of the mind, however, is a much greater problem because it may result in man's self-destruction."

Dr. Kinney, a man of unusual vision in spite of his physical blindness, has described himself as "an educator by profession, a poet by inclination, and a speaker by habit." An ardent writer, he has written numerous magazine articles and has received two literary awards, the most recent for his poetry volume *Harp of Silence*. His five-year-old son Clark thinks he's a great chess player, too. □



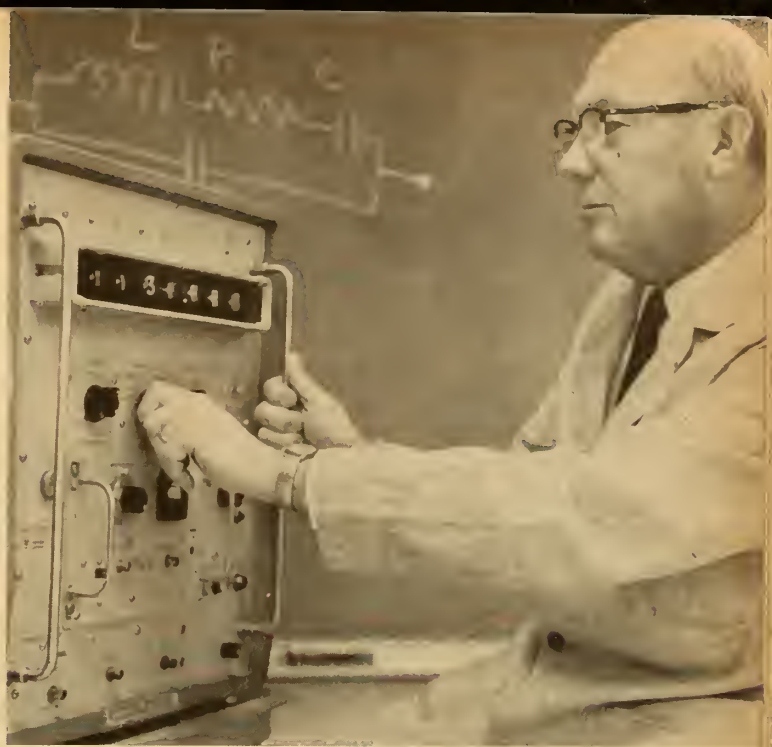
When Greg Bamford was elected national president of the Future Farmers of America, his mother called it "about the most exciting thing that's happened to us."

GREG BAMFORD is a temporary school dropout, thanks to the latest of many honors the 20-year-old cattleman from Haxtun, Colo., has received. Elected national president of the Future Farmers of America (FFA) last October, he is spending 1968 traveling throughout the nation on behalf of his 440,000-member organization. When his year as president is completed, Greg will return to Colorado State University to continue his studies as an agricultural business major.

A \$2,000 loan from his father launched Greg's first FFA farming project. He repaid that debt in full two years later. Today he runs 200 head of beef cattle and farms 400 acres of wheat on his 1,600-acre farm and ranch.

Greg is a former winner of the FFA's top award for livestock farming, and a championship showman. An accomplished musician, he played cornet in two high-school bands and was named "most outstanding senior-choir member" during his high-school choir years. He is a tough competitor by nature, but nevertheless the former president of Haxtun Methodist Church's MYF group would rather work for people than against them.

As he puts it, "What is more fulfilling than serving people?" □



Dr. Virgil Bottom adjusts a frequency meter he uses in teaching piezoelectricity. The little-known phenomenon was first discovered by Pierre Curie (husband of the discoverer of radium) and his brother.

McMURRY COLLEGE in Abilene, Texas, is the only college in the United States where one can formally study piezoelectricity, says Dr. Virgil Bottom, physics department chairman at the Methodist-related college. He ought to know, because piezoelectricity (electricity due to pressure, especially in a crystalline substance such as quartz) is one of his specialties. Dr. Bottom organized the piezoelectricity class in the fall of 1966 as a service to both students and industry. An unusually large number of freshmen indicated an interest in physics that year, and many of them also needed financial assistance.

"Knowing that the need for trained personnel in this area was critical, I wrote to several companies and asked if they would be interested in supporting a work-study program," explained Dr. Bottom. The response was immediate. Companies furnished equipment, funds, and rough blank crystals. Dr. Bottom trained the students. His noncredit class met once a week for a lecture and spent three hours weekly in laboratory work. For this, students received a \$5 weekly stipend. They earned most of their tuition money during the summer when they worked at numerous company jobs, from engineering aides to designers. (The smallest individual gross earning reported among class members was \$1,350.) Some students became skilled enough to replace vacationing regular company employees. All were invited to return to their industrial jobs.

Now that his piezoelectricity program seems to be well established, Dr. Bottom will probably think of some other unusual way in which to help people. In the meantime, he keeps busy as a church-school teacher—he's been at it for 31 years. He is a charter member of St. James Methodist Church in Abilene. □

THE SMALL-ARMS RACE

By NANCY E. SARTIN

Locked in a nuclear stalemate by the threat of mutual annihilation, the world's great powers, led by the U.S., still spend billions on nonnuclear "small arms"—planes, tanks, missiles.

Will nations forever rely on force rather than diplomacy as the way to peace?



IN 1968 THE United States is budgeted to spend about \$76 billion for national defense. That amount alone is enough to produce the means to blow up the world several times over. In addition, during the past 17 years, the U.S. government has sold \$16.1 billion worth of arms to foreign nations, and has given away approximately \$30.2 billion worth. This \$46.3 billion in armaments sold and given away is \$4 billion more than all the economic grants and loans the U.S. has provided to foreign countries in the past 18 years.

No wonder a U.S. senator recently called the United States "the greatest military power the world has ever

known." Whether one dwells on the fact that this immense investment is a mere 10 percent of our gross national product, or on the fact that such massive military force has been assembled only once before in history—by us at the end of World War II—it is evident that force, not diplomacy, has become our base of power. Our constant pleas for peace cannot be heard above the roar of our guns.

Manufacturing "small arms" (as all nonnuclear weapons now are called) has become an important U.S. industry. Four major corporations—Lockheed, General Electric, United Aircraft, and General Dy-

namics—each received more than \$1 billion in government contracts in 1966. General Motors, DuPont, International Telephone & Telegraph, Dow Chemical Company, and many others also share in military manufacture. Whole complexes of industry have come into existence which are singularly useful for war.

Arms-Oriented Diplomacy

Surprisingly, America's present gigantic defense industry is not attributable chiefly to our involvement in Viet Nam. Only a little more than one third of our defense budget goes for that war. Even without Viet Nam, we would still spend \$52 billion on defense this year.

More surprising is the realization that our "peace seeking" country is the leading supplier of arms to the world. It currently is supplying arms and advice to the militia of 70 countries, habitually bypassing such international peace-keeping jurisdictions as the United Nations to do so.

In 1965 (the latest year for which data are complete), the world spent approximately \$140 billion on arms. Countries of NATO and the Warsaw Pact accounted for 84 percent of this, with Russia and the United States far in the lead. Preliminary figures for 1966 indicate that a new all-time high of \$155-\$160 billion may have been spent that year.

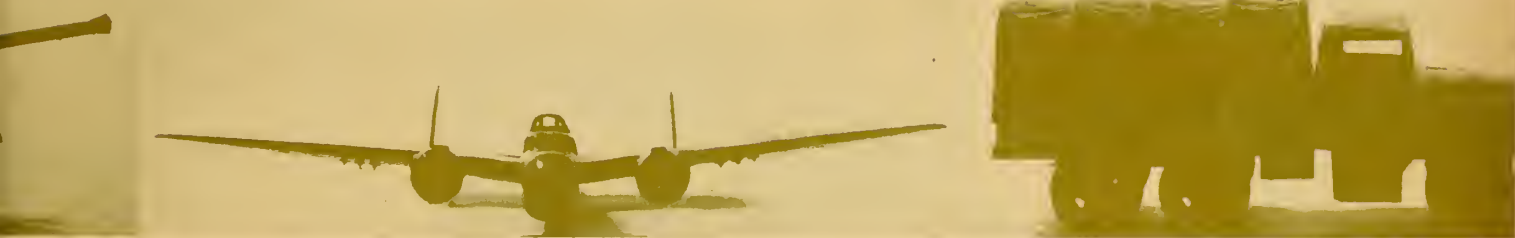
The United States, Russia, France, and England poured nearly \$4 billion in military equipment into the Middle East during years of mounting Arab-

ceived military aid from the U.S. Our actions were reported as a "limited pledge," since "the United States is unwilling to appear to be contributing to an arms race." However, the \$15 million in arms that went to Morocco represented more in one single purchase than Morocco spends in an entire year on education and public health combined. Eighty-six percent of Morocco's people cannot read. About that same percentage has never seen a doctor. In such an instance, political pressure and aid from the United States toward international co-operative development would mean more than statements of intent regarding shipments of arms.

In 1964, the Republic of South Africa spent \$375 million for defense, while the combined defense expenditures of all other African countries totaled only \$125 million. Not only does South Africa have very little defensive justification for such expense but its action also results in the build-up of defense forces in other African nations, draining their slim economies of capital needed for industrial growth.

Similarly, Brazil has become militarily dominant in South America among neighbors hardly to be classed as belligerents, but who are scrambling to acquire jet fighters for air forces that can barely take off without violating their neighbors' air space.

When arms are not available by official government agreement, they can be gotten privately or through "third nation" arrangements. Neither the U.S. nor Russia puts any ceiling or stipulation on arms sales,



Israeli tension. More than half of it was strewn useless across the Sinai Peninsula and among the hills of Syria and Jordan following the June war of 1967.

The effect of all such actions is to perpetuate an arms-oriented diplomacy in an era when war itself has become impractical. While the U.S. seeks to bolster its economy at home and abroad (foreign capital invested in arms is effectively removed from competition with us in world markets), it is bringing physical and economic death to countless poor nations.

Last year Iran and Algeria received assistance in arms from Russia, Turkey, Greece, and Morocco re-

ceived many controls are exerted over other international trade.

Arms suppliers go out of their way to make their wares accessible even to the poorest nations. Unlike many necessary products such as staple foods which are paid for in dollars at a going 6 percent interest rate, arms can be bought from a friendly big power on local currency, often at 4 percent interest. Such terms encourage insecure nations to overreach their means in order to purchase a security that becomes unreal as neighboring states do the same.

Occasionally an underdeveloped nation comes to

resent the constant drain of its resources into defense purchases and tries instead to develop its own weapons. Egypt is a case in point.

In 1962 Egypt (United Arab Republic) decided to design and build its own missiles. So she hired and bought foreign technical advice, engineers, equipment, testing facilities, and more advice, soon sinking \$100 million or so into the project. But a tangle of technical problems, mechanical failures, and other mishaps developed. Four years and hundreds of millions of dollars and man-hours later, Egypt abandoned the project and bought entire missile systems from Russia—only to have them taken by Israel in the 1967 war.

The benefits in learned skills and applicable technology that rub off defense programs in a highly developed economy do not accrue in a less industrialized nation like Egypt, which has no industries capable of absorbing them. Meanwhile, such programs divert needed manpower and national effort away from pressing problems of land reform, irrigation, and education.

Today, not only because of the losses suffered in last year's war but also because of resources spent on the military buildup, the Egyptian economy is farther behind than ever. Yearly expenditures of half a billion dollars (in 1964 Egypt spent \$320 million of her own plus \$220 million in Soviet aid) help keep that country in abject poverty and chronic debt.

The tally for other developing nations is similarly discouraging. Where cash of any kind is scarce, a down payment on defense installations is the invest-

promote co-operation among the industrialized democracies, to assist less developed areas, to bring about a world community, and to end the arms race.

Only the first of these aims is pursued with any consistency. The military aim of resisting aggression is placed foremost and has been stated by Secretary Rusk in broadest terms: "to deter or defeat aggression at any level, whether nuclear attack, or limited war, or subversion and guerrilla tactics."

How do we promote co-operation among the industrialized democracies when our own standing armies in Europe force nations there to match our forces by NATO agreement, and so raise their own military quotas?

How can we assist less developed areas when the chief help we offer is the military buildup which promotes internal and external strife and retards the processes by which such areas can progress?

How can we end the arms race as long as we provide arms and military advice to 70 countries?

Secretary of the Air Force Harold Brown reminds us of "numerous broad areas where uncertainty complicates choices about the composition and magnitude of our forces." He pessimistically reasons: "What, for example, are the prospects in 15 or 20 years for widespread nuclear proliferation, for shifts in alliances, for a largely disarmed world? Our planning is projected forward at least 10 and sometimes 15 years. Yet, in fact, we know very little about how many or what kind of missiles the Russians will have 10 years



ment least likely to bring beneficial results, but the one most likely to be urged on easy terms.

U.S. Foreign Policy

The use of force to solve problems—the military over the diplomatic effort—is a recent development in American foreign policy. Only since America appointed itself protector of the free world have we begun to send our forces to defend democracy at the expense of other nations' real estate.

Secretary of State Dean Rusk in 1962 listed five elements of U.S. foreign policy: to resist aggression, to

from now, because they probably have not reached a decision themselves." Then he admits, "Policy makers will find, almost invariably, that it is easier to produce military hardware than it is to know what policy to follow."

Since the foreign-policy decisions of the rest of the world are largely a response to developments in the U.S., Secretary Brown's analysis indicates that military might and technological improvement rather than any basic change, govern the near future. This leaves no possibility for general disarmament. Technology is not likely to respond to a hypothetical weapons develop-

ment 10 years hence with a plowshare—or even a tractor. Caution dictates weapons against the unknown, and the unknown can have only one response—more weapons.

Military-Industrial Pressures

Another factor contributing to the growth of the U.S. arms buildup is the very real, often inadvertent, influence of the “military-industrial complex”—groups having special economic interest in wars.

Lawmakers and military men team up to the advantage of both. “More than one defense contractor has found it expedient to build a plant in the home district of a key member of the armed services or defense-appropriations committees,” *The National Observer* recently reported. Military installations are powerful shots in the arm to local economies.

Many officials from the Pentagon and other federal agencies “retire” to companies holding defense contracts, where their expertise is properly appreciated and appropriated.

No one is actually in favor of the arms race; but all assist its forward motion in that no one is really trying to stop it. If, as Americans believe, we are *not* an aggressive people, our epitaph may be that this nation built the greatest military machine in history out of public apathy and political inertia.

In the wake of last summer’s Middle East fracas, Lt. Gen. E. L. M. Burns, Canada’s delegate to the Geneva Conference on Disarmament, urged a curb on

enemy. How many civilian lives we also spend in that effort we do not count. War and famine are still our population-control measures.

Nongovernmental authorities insist that there are better ways to achieve world peace than through our present policy of maintaining a “balance of force” in all situations. The rationale behind this policy seems to be that nations not helped by the West will receive aid from Russia and China. In practice this means that if a government can persuade U.S. representatives of a potential threat, American military aid can be obtained and then a threat will exist—whether it did before or not.

Global Police Force

One suggested alternative to national military forces is an international peace-keeping agency. Although such a force would require funds for personnel, equipment, arms, and continual technological development to ensure adequate protection from potential aggressors, the entire cost of the police force (according to a detailed estimate of the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Commission) would be \$21 billion a year. That is cheap in comparison to present defense expenditures.

Columbia University’s Professor Emile Benoit figures that the U.S. share of an international force cost would be \$6.1 billion a year. An additional \$8.5 billion a year would be needed to maintain the minimum internal defense system needed by the U.S.



the shipment of arms by the big powers to such trouble spots as the Middle East, calling the trade in small arms “perhaps more dangerous to peace in the immediate future than the further spread of nuclear weapons.” However, since no element of the international power structure accepts responsibility for the small-arms race, none of the delegates to the disarmament conference has yet seen fit to initiate a move toward curtailment.

“Impractical” nuclear warfare is outlawed in favor of the messier, less complete, and more costly forms of battle in which we spend \$320,000 to kill one

Dr. Benoit estimates that the world’s nations now spend \$70.7 billion a year on needless military expenses, the United States alone putting up an unnecessary \$40 billion a year on defense. This sum could be used to better purpose even while maintaining a national militia and an adequate international police force to quell incipient wars.

International Business Opportunities

Although not probable under existing conditions, significant East-West economic expansion is possible. Already a whole series of manufacturing ventures has

been undertaken involving capital, technology, equipment, and labor from both sides of the Iron Curtain. Chairs of Swedish design are built in Poland and shipped back to Sweden for finishing and marketing. An Austrian firm and the Hungarian government power authority have entered an agreement to build power plants in India with Hungarian-Indian financing. Examples could be multiplied.

(There have been casualties of the new freedom, too, such as the manager of an eastern European industrial plant who was dismissed when an American purchaser wrote for spare parts to some machinery. His superiors had not been informed that equipment was being sold *that far west*.)

Another sign of international business advance is the remarkable increase in foreign subsidiaries of manufacturing firms. In 1965, the production of American companies' foreign subsidiaries amounted to about \$80 billion. Compared to this, \$4.3 billion in American economic aid overseas seems small indeed. The subsidiary method of foreign expansion has replaced export as the largest entry to foreign markets. It involves much more complex international ties in sites, equipment, personnel, marketing, and service of goods.

Venture of capital to such an extent presupposes an increasingly open and orderly world market. Control of arms trade and reduced international tension could only improve the security of such an interdependent enterprise. Economists generally agree, how-

programs essential to human survival, and maintains artificial barriers between people who have common goals.

Redirection of Defense Industries

An often-heard criticism of U.S. economics is that sharp curbs on defense spending would mean serious trouble for this nation's business. "If the federal government cut us off, we'd be dead," warned a Sikorsky Aircraft official. But other defense contractors disagree.

Lockheed Aircraft, the largest American defense contractor, doing 92 percent of its business with the government, is ready to move into a variety of non-military fields. Courtland S. Gross, Lockheed's chairman, cited commercial aviation as "probably the most dynamic" of the alternatives. He was thinking of flying wings, hourly shuttles from New York to London, Paris, or Moscow, carrying trainloads at a time.

Other areas into which research, technology, and investment can move Lockheed are oceanology, hospital systems, and data processing. Lockheed Aircraft already has mounted projects in undersea mining, youth-corps training, and the prevention of metal corrosion.

North American Rockwell is solving sewage disposal problems for the state of California; an I T & T subsidiary is running a Job Corps training center. Such ventures represent only a first step toward solving problems endemic to modern society. Transportation,

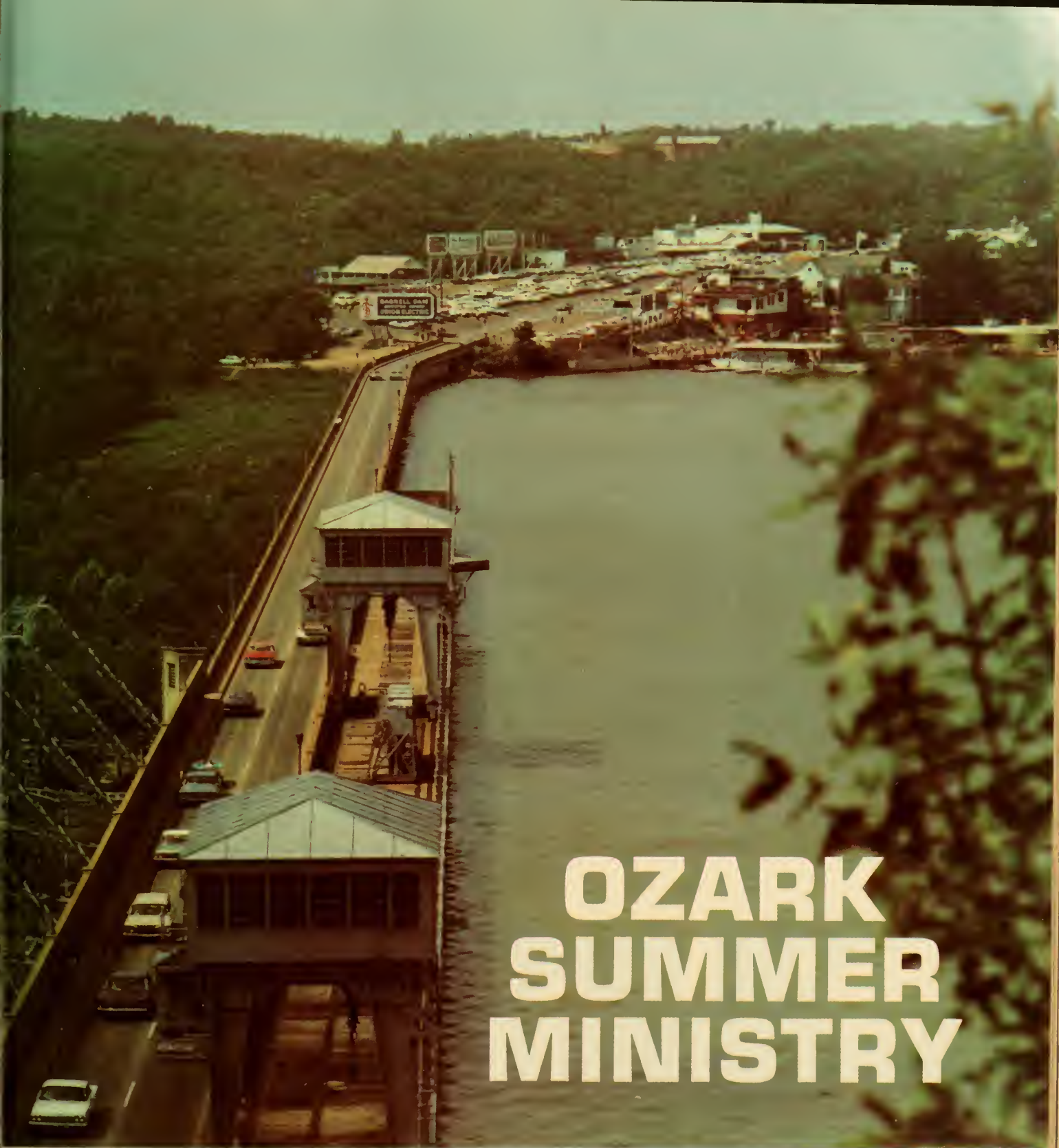


ever, that some structural reorganization will be necessary for broader economic participation in a peaceful world. The extent and nature of such changes may be quite radical.

Business leaders speak of the risks inherent in controlled markets and uncontrolled arms trade. Arms escalation is not protective in their view, but inherently dangerous to everyone involved, including themselves. The struggle to achieve a margin of military superiority not only creates much larger military forces than necessary, and leaves all participants less secure, but also diverts billions of dollars yearly from

textiles, housing, medicine, international trade, and education could all use advice from systems analysts and development specialists in coping with problems that now are attacked sporadically or not at all.

Industry, itself recognizing that arms investment is neither productive nor recoverable, points the way to challenges of peace that can replace military programs in the world's economy. It remains for the general public and government policy makers to recognize in general what we have admitted in regard to nuclear weapons and the space program: there is no room on this little planet for brawls. □



OZARK SUMMER MINISTRY

FROM HIGH in the summertime sky of central Missouri, it looks like a giant blue Chinese dragon napping on a thick green carpet. Signs on the ground identify it as Lake of the Ozarks, biggest lake in Missouri and one of the largest artificial bodies of water in the United States.

It was created in 1931 when Bagnell Dam (above)

was erected on the Osage River, a former passageway for Indians, settlers, and French trappers. Today the lake and its surrounding hardwood forests are a busy playground area dotted with more than 400 resorts, motels, and hotels. It even has a newly completed airstrip suitable for jets. Thousands visit it annually to fish, camp, boat, or just loaf along its 1,375-mile shoreline.



Built right up to Bagnell Dam is The Strip, a hodgepodge of souvenir stands, small eating places, and amusement centers.



Susan Eigel worked in a gift shop on The Strip last summer. She also served in the Volunteers in Ecumenical Witness (VIEW) program.



Another student, Martha Radford, took reservations as part of her work at a motel. She also was the organist for Sunday vesper services.



Tammy Constant, like the other girls, was a VIEWer. Here she's waiting on three young gift-shop customers looking for souvenirs to take home to Illinois.



"THE STRIP"—the first thing Ozark vacationers see when they cross Bagnell Dam—doesn't have the slot machines or professional grandioseness of its Las Vegas namesake, but there are similarities. The whole razzle-dazzle atmosphere was created for one purpose—to get the tourists' dollars as quickly and cheaply as possible.

Sometimes the truth gets stretched as far as business competition is tough. Street hawkers for boat rides embellish a 12-mile trip to sound like maybe 30 miles. Gift shops advertise "rare" objects that are common everywhere else. Prices are generally high.

Of course it's not all like this. One entire arm of the lake is a state park. It offers neat campgrounds, shelters, and other conveniences for nature lovers—but little real seclusion. There are too many vacationers for that. The area boasts about 8½ million tourist days a year. (A tourist day is one day and one night spent by one visitor.)

These are some of the things the Rev. Melvin E. West, director of the Missouri Methodist Area Church and Community Office, saw a couple of years ago when he came to Lake of the Ozarks with \$6,000 worth of church-extension money to build a church. He also saw the several Methodist and other traditional com-

Boat docks along Lake of the Ozarks buzz with activity all day. But when the sun sets, boats return to their berths and vacationers look for something else to do.



"You can't find a better place to meet people than in a restaurant," said summer waitress Doris Barber, a Presbyterian VIEW worker from St. Louis.



OZARK SUMMER MINISTRY



"Looking for something new and different and free? Visit The Treasure House," handbills urge. Those who take the advice can listen to unique tapes or buy books, jewelry, and art objects.

munity churches already in existence within a dozen miles of the resort area. He concluded that another building was not needed.

Each church was performing a ministry, but none really was reaching the lake people—those who live and work and play around Lake of the Ozarks. "People around the lake need a ministry, not a local church," Mr. West reported.

He was told that he could use the money for a two-year experimental ministry instead. The result was Lake of the Ozarks Parish, a now permanent ecumenical ministry involving local Methodist, Baptist, Lutheran, Presbyterian, Episcopal, and Christian (Disciples) churches.

Headquarters for the ministry is The Treasure House, an old base-

The Treasure House, center of parish activity, also features a popular gallery of modern ecclesiastical art.



ment beneath a restaurant and souvenir shop. The building is part of The Strip, and is sandwiched between two boat docks.

"The basement was a real mess," Mr. West remembers. "The first year I carried out tons of grease, boards, and junk—it had been the dumping ground of the community."

The basement now houses an art-exhibit area, a coffeehouse, and a religious gift shop. Each Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday night it becomes The Fish, a young-adult coffeehouse, complete with newsprint tablecloths on which guests doodle and write. Some of their "treasures" are original; many probably are quotes and misquotes. For instance:

"God is good, / But what / if someone is / not good / or something is not good— / Can God still be there?"

"Indifference is the stepping stone to emotional death."

"Speak love."

Coffeehouse programs are informal and unstructured. They may include movies, drama, folk singing, poetry, records, and tapes. And there is always plenty of conversation.

Mr. West's staff consists mostly of volunteers. Local ministers and laymen provide transportation for and conduct worship services, and help out in The Treasure House.

College students, serving the parish ministry under a program called Volunteers in Ecumenical Witness (VIEW), are the ministry's main contact with the people. Many of these dedicated young people are planning to enter church vocations, social work, or teaching.

VIEW workers support themselves by working in resort businesses. In their spare time they work at The Treasure House and The Fish, invite campers to evening community sings, or help conduct vesper services aboard the paddle-wheeler *Tom Sawyer*.

They make most of their contacts while on the job. Martha Radford, a 1967 VIEWer, explains:

"At the motel I had many opportunities to speak to people. They ask what is offered for tourists, and I had a chance to tell about The Treasure House and the vespers



Methodist minister Melvin E. West directs Lake of the Ozarks Parish. Here he cruises past The Treasure House in his boat. Three evenings a week it becomes The Fish, a young-adult coffeehouse (at right). John Montgomery (below) was a Boy Scout camp chaplain weekdays last summer. On his day off he was kept busy at The Fish. He is explaining an art piece entitled Perpetual Motion to young visitors.





*Sara Reynolds (in red) worked full time with the summer ministry. Here she hands out copies of **TOGETHER** and invites campers to a community sing, a weekly parish activity.*



Saturday night at the state park shelter: "Okay folks, take your song sheets and let's hear you sing out on number three!" Some campers, like the boys above, preferred to let mommy do the singing. But Pastor West, (left) employing a pointing finger and a tapping foot, soon had all joining in. After the singing comes a movie or naturalist's lecture.

OZARK SUMMER MINISTRY

cruise. It was easy to get into a conversation which is religiously related in some way."

Betsy Bouska, another 1967 volunteer, came to Lake of the Ozarks "to find out what the ministry could do outside the church." She worked as a maid, then did volunteer work in the coffeehouse.

"Many of the soldiers from Fort Leonard Wood came down on Saturday nights," Betsy explained. "They just wanted someone to talk to."

John Montgomery, another parish volunteer, worked six days a week at a nearby Boy Scout camp. On his day off, he invited people to The Treasure House.

"My job was to let people know where the place was and that we'd like to have them come down," said John. "I'd tell them it was new and different and *free*—so it wouldn't sound like the usual pitch. Once they got down to The Treasure House, they were very interested. It's a place where they can just relax and not be pushed. They need a place like that."

Pastor West continually emphasizes the ministry's goal—"to relate to the people that are here." He recognizes three distinct groups he's trying to reach:

"First, through the coffeehouse, we are trying to reach the young adults who work in the area," he reports. "There are hundreds, if not thousands, of high-school students who work during the summer at the motels, restaurants, and shops. They are earning their own money, and experiencing a freedom they have not had before. Some of them end up in trouble.

"Second, we try to minister to resort owners and



The summer ministry staff conducted several Sunday morning services and a vesper service. At 10, worshipers met at Millstone Lodge. Like Pastor West, some had arrived at the come-as-you-are services in boats.

Earlier, the staff conducted services at Ham's Kottage Kamp (below), and at Gravois Mills drive-in theater.



OZARK SUMMER MINISTRY

others tied to their business 12 to 14 hours a day, seven days a week, all summer long. Our early worship services, like the drive-in services at Gravois Mills, are designed in part for them."

Then there are the tourists, most of whom stay for only a few days. "I've discovered to my surprise that people on vacation are very receptive and very open, more so than I've ever felt in a local parish," Mr. West says. Then he explains what may be the biggest reason for his success with all three types:

"Whether I visit people in The Treasure House, out at the state park, or up on The Strip, I carry no threat with me. There is no church to join, no building to help pay for. I don't know their neighbors or their pastors, so they can be free and open in what they say."

When the tourist season opens this Memorial Day Sunday in the beautiful Lake of the Ozarks recreation area, Pastor West and his staff will be there, ready again to tell the good news that "Jesus is Lord . . . of all creation . . . and all re-creation."

—Martha Lane

During the week, the Tom Sawyer is just another excursion boat. But on Sunday evenings it becomes a floating church. Vesper services are held during an hour and a half cruise. They are so popular that often reservations must be made weeks in advance, especially for groups.



At 7:30 p.m. the double-decker, with 190 people aboard, heads into the sunset. Worship begins with informal singing.



SOME MONTHS ago when a group of incensed Negro parents were demonstrating against segregated schools in Harlem, a white reporter of a large morning daily newspaper, who seemed skeptical about the purpose of the whole thing, approached a little boy in the picket line and asked, "Son, why are *you* marching?" In his own unmistakably clear language the boy simply replied, "Fo' freedom!"

That's all he said, and the reporter was somewhat shaken to hear a little boy speak of freedom. Perhaps the boy doesn't really understand what freedom is or what it means, but I'm certain if the reporter had attempted to press the issue he would have heard an earful from a determined young man. This incident, however, graphically demonstrates, if one is willing to listen to what he hears, that the vast majority of black Americans are finally aroused enough to stand

To realize the unfulfilled dream of freedom—freedom to complain about not having it, the freedom to learn, to move wherever he wishes, to earn first-class citizenship, personal safety, and security. That sums up . . .

WHAT THE NEGRO WANTS

By GEORGE M. DANIELS

up publicly and tell white America to its face what they want.

Usually when one asks what we want, some of us will facetiously say that we want the same things that whites want. I realize, however, that such an answer is not sufficient to explain the honest feelings of the Negro, his attitude in the struggle for first-class citizen-

ship, and his sense of frustration at being victimized by all the developing anti-Negro backlashes.

Freedom means many things to different people. Most Americans regard freedom as the right to live as one wishes without interference but within the limits of the law. Freedom also, as Will Rogers once put it, is the right to kick about the lack of it. That is just what the Negro is doing—kicking about his lack of freedom to do what he wants, to go where he wants, and to earn a living commensurate with his talents.

Why do whites, for the most part, want to deny this freedom to the black American? Why do they (whites) look upon freedom for blacks as something strange and new to a country that had its inception in freedom and justice?

Freedom has always been the dream of man—the theme of philosophy, the ideal of poetry, the goal of statesmanship. It has enhanced the dreams of the powerful as well as the poor and oppressed. We (America) fought for it in the Revolutionary War. Indian Americans fought for it on the Great Plains. We fought for it in two World Wars, and it is freedom that has us so heavily involved today in Viet Nam. Are Negroes, then, any different that they should not desire similar freedom?

The Negro's insistence is upon freedom *now*. Those who would question this—or fail to sense the need for urgency and persist in merely being paternalistic or in treating the Negro as a subservient caddy who fawns gratefully over a few economic scraps from "the master's table," lack vision and hearing. In his home, his lodge, and especially in his church, the Negro has never concealed his desire for first-class citizenship. His long suppressed discontent over racial segregation, frustration aroused by token racial change, and a strong social conscience have generated a social revolution of unforeseen intensity and proportions.

Just as the French Revolution threatened every throne in Europe, the revolution of the Negro is shaking the foundation of every organi-

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—Your Editors

zational and social structure known to man today—even the Christian church. Men and women and little children by the hundreds of thousands are struggling for all that freedom and equality mean: the right to safety and security of person; the right to full citizenship and its privileges; the right to freedom of expression and conscience; and the right to equal opportunity.

Now, after long years in which whites have been unwilling to be just, the Negro is proclaiming his desires in the streets.

Some may say that this revolution of our time caught America unawares. This may be so, but it should not have been so, because this revolution did not burst out suddenly and without warning. The revolt against the color line in America was visible more than 20 years ago, during the early 1940s, when a widening wave of public protests was evident in the form of mass meetings, picketings on a small scale, and pleas for equal treatment issued in the press. There was the on-to-Washington movement which was organized in 1942, which called for mass pressure by Negroes themselves "for full and unconditioned equality of status."

What is happening today in Grenada, Miss., Atlanta, Ga., in Harlem and Watts, in Philadelphia, Newark, Detroit, and Chicago was clearly prefigured in the rapidly mounting massive unrest of Negroes, north and south, following World War II.

What does the Negro want?

The right to safety and security of person. To many this may appear a trite and worn-out desire—one that has been repeated every day for more than 100 years. But since 1882 almost 4,000 Negroes have been lynched! In the last decade alone more than 25 Negroes have met death by lynchings and 10 others have been gunned down in the South for attempting to vote.

The Negro wants the right to citizenship and all its privileges. Every citizen must have an equal voice in government if he lives in a democracy. He must not be denied citizenship because of race,



George M. Daniels, who directs interpretive services of the Methodist Board of Missions, began a church writing career in 1957. He is active in NAACP and the Urban League.

color, or national origin. He should have the right to vote and to serve his country in peace and war, as soldier and diplomat.

The Negro wants the right to freedom of expression and of conscience. With the exception of the Black Muslims, the Negro believes that no free society can realistically survive without obedience to the Ten Commandments and adherence to the Bill of Rights. A free society is based on ability of the people to make sound judgments, which are possible only where there is access to all viewpoints.

The Negro also wants the right to equal opportunity. In a country where free enterprise is the rule and not the exception, there must be free employment for all people. The rate of unemployment of Negroes is 2½ times that of whites. Equal opportunity, however, also means equal access to all schools and the freedom to rent and purchase housing suitable to one's means and desires.

The deliberate denial of these rights has caused the frustrations and hopelessness that in a large measure precipitated the costly riots of summers past.

However, another question should be asked: What does the Afro-American, the black, the Ne-

gro—or whatever you want to call him—expect of the white man?

I have always heard that average whites are civilized, chivalrous, square-dealing, and courageous. That's what I've read, at least, in their history books and heard from lecturers in college and at various meetings across the country. Now I do not say that this is untrue, but neither do I believe that all these virtues can be attributed to all average men, Negro or white. Whether or not whites have any or none of these characteristic traits matters little to me if, in his attitude towards Negroes and other races, he puts into tangible objectivity the ideals of human brotherhood he professes to honor.

The black, then, expects of the white man only a man's chance to be a man—nothing more, yet nothing less.

I live in Harlem—a black ghetto. The fact that it is a ghetto does not disturb me so much because I realize that there are many white ghettos in this country that are not much better. The horribleness of the ghetto is not that one resides there but rather that one is so often forced to remain there against his will, and that so little is done to improve ghetto communities.

I believe that if Caucasians would cease fighting against Negroes and work with them to achieve a fuller and more enriched life, then life in the ghetto would be so immeasurably improved that many of the unfounded fears of whites would automatically vanish.

Finally, the Negro wants to be judged as an individual, not as a group. George Wallace of Alabama, for instance, does not represent the whole of white America. Because of the Mafia and unbalanced race haters such as the late George Lincoln Rockwell, I certainly would not say that all whites are criminals or racists. Neither, on the other hand, should one attempt to tag all Negroes as unkempt or unclean merely because some are.

Whatever the Negro wants, it is summed up in his cry for freedom. Whites should remember that freedom and justice have never been really enjoyed by those not willing to concede them to others. □



YOU ARE THE ONE

By
WILLIAM H. DICKINSON
Pastor, Highland Park Church
Dallas, Texas

IT IS EXTREMELY difficult today to decide the right and wrong of human conflict. Whether we read editorial or news material, so many facts are involved that we seldom have sufficient information about riots and war and social conflicts to know the truth and to make accurate value judgments.

We can, of course, name many of the contributing causes—unemployed youths, poor housing, inadequate opportunities for education, aggressiveness of minority groups, black-power advocates, subversive participation by Communists or Nazis or members of the Ku-Klux Klan, indifference to human need, weak and ineffective police protection, or police brutality.

But after having done this, we still must conclude that each of us bears responsibility for these conflicts. God's judgment of the centuries, when human values have been perverted and destroyed, sounds loud and clear today. Commissions investigating riots will make little difference so long as Christians fill the churches of this land on Sunday and yet remain blind and calloused and complacent to the hunger and disease and hopelessness that grip millions of people with whom we must live as neighbors.

City or state or national administrations, police departments or military units, political or ethnic minorities cannot bear the responsibility that each of us who is committed to the Christian Gospel has—to hear the Word of God. His word declares to each of us, "You are the one who is responsible!"

This does not imply that personal responsibility for Christian citizenship in any way licenses or justifies attitudes or acts of persons who seek to generate mobs and riots with explosive agitation. There is no valid

brief, no reason with which to justify the vicious words and actions of men who ignite the fear and hate that exist today among mankind into bloody conflict and destruction.

No Virtue in Playing Ostrich

Neither do accusations and indictments relieve the distressing circumstances and conditions under which people live—the filth and ignorance that occupy great sections of our cities and the hopelessness that floods the lives of millions of our people. There is no virtue in playing ostrich and refusing to recognize the criminals in our land, those men who flaunt their disobedience of law and make mockery of a society based on freedom and dignity of human life. There is likewise no virtue in refusing to recognize and condemn equally the indifference and complacency of law-abiding citizens who permit the existence of breeding grounds for crime.

The Bible brings into clear focus our personal responsibility for the violence and bloodshed that erupts among us. If we do not scuttle the Gospel, we cannot forget the test Jesus set for the final judgment of mankind. He does not ask if we have been to church or said our prayers or sent our check. He asks whether we have fed the hungry, clothed the naked, provided water for the thirsty, and ministered to the man in need, in jail, in the hospital, and in the crummy little hovels that exist "across the tracks."

There is but little in the Gospel about quiet hours and prayer retreats. Occasionally we are reminded of Jesus in the garden or by the sea or in the upper room, but far more often the Gospel tells us about Jesus and

his relationship to beggars and thieves, to prostitutes and outcasts, to hypocrites who were, he said, like tombs filled with dead men's bones.

True, Jesus tells us in the Sermon on the Mount not to worry about what we have to eat or what we have to wear or where we're going to sleep. But he does not stop with this. "God knows you need those things," he said, "but you need more, much more." Therefore, he concluded with a command, "Seek God's kingdom first, and these other needs will be added to your life."

This is no starry-eyed proposal by an idealistic visionary. This is a statement of a scientist announcing a law that must be recognized. Jesus is not recommending love instead of bread for those who are hungry. He is not advocating justice above mercy. He is establishing priorities for us, and his emphasis is on what comes first.

The truth that he proclaims has been verified by history. There is no justice without mercy. The hungry of the world will not be fed, the naked will not be clothed, and the ignorant will not be enlightened until those who know something about the love of God also love the hungry and the naked and the ignorant as much as God loves them.

I wonder how this headline in a daily paper would look to us: "Seek First God's Kingdom." I wonder what we would think and what we would do if the investigating agencies seeking a defense against riots concluded that there will be no peace until every man and woman in America seeks God's kingdom first?

Rich Men Need Help

When Jesus told the rich man to sell all he had and give it to the poor, he did not do so because the poor man needed help but because the rich man needed help. The fullness of life is not achieved by filling barns with harvest or banks with profits. The fullness of life is achieved only by emptying oneself completely of all self-centeredness and pride, all greed and sense of self-importance.

Human conflict—whether expressed in frustrated individuals, or desperate family situations, or riots, or wars—occurs only in a vacuum. Busy people with a purpose to pursue and a mission to accomplish have no time to fight and be involved in bloodshed and destruction. They do not act and react from bitterness and fear, resentment, and hostility stemming from their own limitations and failures.

No one knows what lies ahead. No one can guarantee the future of our great urban centers. But we can be grateful if we have leadership to whom we can look with hope. Citizens of our cities will have opportunities to put in motion courses of action that will assist the cities in being the kinds of places where men can live and work and worship as free persons.

This is why even a bond election, for example, can be of such importance. Projects it includes may provide the ideals and the action that supply motive and incentive and purpose for peace and harmony and work that is productive. But it is not enough for citizens just to vote on a bond issue. In these days of tension and uncertainty, it is essential that those who

cast their votes do so with a keen sense of responsibility for the welfare of all citizens.

The need today for taxes or for what we give or for what we do does not exist in the life of someone else. The need for giving of oneself to the fulfillment of all human life exists first of all in each of us. About 30 years ago a cartoon appeared in a national magazine in which we can see ourselves today. It showed two cell mates in a prison, and one was saying to the other, "I'm going to sign up for one of them courses and improve myself. And then when you're still just a common thief, I'll be an embezzler."

With government and economic organization, with education and with science, we have tried to improve ourselves. But 20 centuries after Jesus spoke the truth and it was recorded in the Bible, we have made little more progress in human relationships than have criminals who move from being just common thieves to being embezzlers.

A Good Word for an Exploiter

The Word of God is true. It is not obsolete. When we read it in the Bible or hear it from the pulpit, it brings the life of which we are a part into perspective and sets us once again on the road to happiness and peace.

In the Old Testament there is a bit of truth that is pertinent for each of us. King David was sensitive to justice. He did not intend to violate God's law. He was completely dedicated to serving his nation well. But after he attained privilege and power, and without being conscious of his personal transgression of the law, he lost sight of the responsibility that leadership demands.

In this experience, his pastor and his friend, a man named Nathan, brought him face to face with truth. The story about the rich man entertaining his guests with the poor man's resources was an analogy through which David came to realize what he had done. Sending one of his officers into intense combat, David hoped that the man would be killed so that the beautiful widow would be free to become his wife. And that is what happened.

When David's hope became reality, Nathan went to see the king. When Nathan put the issue in an impersonal setting and magnified the point of justice in which David was involved, the king was quick to see the right and wrong. He declared that the man who had exploited his position of privilege at the expense of his less fortunate neighbor should surely make retribution.

Thus it was that when David asked who the scoundrel was, Nathan made the issue very personal: "David, you are the man!"

"You must," said Jesus, "seek God's kingdom first." The Kingdom is ruled by compassion and understanding, thoughtfulness and generosity, understanding and hard work. It is the only way to peace. It is the only way to meet the needs of human life on a basis that recognizes man's true humanity.

Who is responsible for the future of our cities? The Word of God is loud and clear. "You are the one." You are responsible! □



*A few days of voicelessness
taught her the potency of silence.*

Speech Is Great, But...

By SONIA LEVITIN

I WAKENED with the uneasy feeling that something was wrong. When I tried to call my husband who was alternately shaving and singing, nothing happened. Running to him and grabbing his arm, I finally managed a hoarse croak: "Can't talk!"

"How lucky can a guy get?" he said.

"Call the doctor," I rasped frantically. It was Friday, and I had an important lecture scheduled for the following Monday night.

"Inhale steam, plenty of it," was the doctor's order, "and don't talk. Positively no whispering, either. That's even worse." With luck, he said, it might last only three days.

What about the phone, the doorbell, the children? Can you imagine trying to control three children without saying a word? "Don't worry," my husband said, interpreting my expression, "maybe it's for the best and you won't have to give that lecture after all."

I made a motion of strangling him. He knew how important the lecture was to me, how many hours I had spent on research and preparation. Well, I thought, illogical from frustration, I'll show him, I'll show everyone. I won't talk—at all.

Talk or no, the children still had to be gotten off to school. I plunked the baby in the playpen—the

I beckoned the boys to stand before me. "Listen," I whispered, "I'm not going to talk anymore." "Never?" gasped five-year-old Danny. "For three days," I answered, "I'll just nod or shake my head."

standard procedure for any emergency—and beckoned the two boys to stand before me.

"Listen," I whispered, "I'm not going to talk anymore."

"Never?" gasped five-year-old Danny.

"For three days," I answered. "I'll just nod or shake my head, and you'd better listen."

"How can we listen if you don't talk?" asked young Timmy. Second-graders are maddeningly logical.

"Just behave," I whispered fiercely, and resolutely shut my mouth.

THE telephone rang four times that morning. Overcome by curiosity I answered the third call. It was Grandma. "You sound terrible," she said, "don't talk." She promised to inform the next of kin, so I could safely disregard the telephone for the rest of the day. That was not easy, but ignoring the doorbell took real restraint. Still, it had its compensations. Peeking out of the window, I saw that I had avoided a salesman, a survey, and the little girl down the street who appears every morning. I think she is writing an encyclopedia.

Usually I talk to the baby as I work. Instead, I threw her an occasional kiss and we clicked our tongues; she was delighted with this new form of communication. At first I felt isolated, but gradually the silence became soothing. I felt myself moving more slowly, yet I had time to read for an hour before lunch.

The house seemed different; even my thoughts turned to unfamiliar paths. For weeks I had sought some theme to unify the lecture, but the ideas had always escaped me. Suddenly in the stillness they came clearly into mind. Speech is great, I acknowledged, but silence is greater. It permits a free flow of thought.

Even when the boys came home the house was miraculously quiet. A certain look, I discovered, could be an effective reprimand. "Don't let them argue with you," my husband had advised time and again. "No means no—period!"

Now the boys were deprived of those lengthy debates they seem to relish; and if a vigorous shake of

the head did not bring obedience, a rap on the hand did. But one must be moderate, so I decided that if it was not worth a swat it was not worth bothering about.

My boys have the habit of hollering from any part of the house to pinpoint my location. "Don't yell," I had been saying for years, "just come and find me." Feeling a little smug now, I maintained my silence—and, like homing pigeons, they found me.

Like any family, ours has certain rules, rules which are constantly being broken, evaded, contested. Every afternoon, I repeat at length: "No nibbling after three o'clock; no TV until all the toys are picked up."

As always, the boys made their frequent trips to the cookie jar and the fruit dish. At five minutes past three, I simply moved both temptations high out of their reach. They howled, but they retreated.

When it came time for their cartoon show, I beckoned them into their room and pointed to the littered floor. They ran for the TV set, objecting in typical boy fashion, "Aw heck, nuts . . ."

Wordlessly, I began tossing the things into a large garbage bag, enforcing my old threat that things which are not picked up will be thrown away. I was about to detach the TV aerial when they meekly began picking up their toys. Actions, I concluded, speak louder than words.

AT dinner, which is usually a contest of voices, Timmy suddenly had a bright idea. "Mommy can't talk anyway," he said, "so let's have a quiet meal. Nobody can talk. Unless it's very important." It was delightful. We heard the whole album of *Oklahoma*, interrupted only by such very important announcements as, "I hate squash" and "I still have that caterpillar in my pocket."

After dinner my husband customarily retreats into the den, while I clean up and put the children to bed. He hears no evil; his transistor radio screens out the chatter and clatter of bedtime. That night he emerged after 10 minutes. "What," he demanded, "are you going to do

about getting them to bed?" I shrugged.

It was then that I discovered how much better equipped fathers are than mothers for that job. Ten minutes after he issued his command they stood before me, angelic in pajamas and smelling of toothpaste.

The next day was much the same, except that I wrote occasional notes to my husband, such as: "Get that cat out of the house," and, after gestures failed: "Mow the front lawn."

I kept thinking of things I might have said had I been talking that day—the redundant, useless things we say out of boredom or on impulse. I began to understand why men sometimes accuse us of being chatterboxes.

We had been invited to an office party that night. "I have to go," my husband said, "but you can get out of it. I'll explain."

I shook my head. Perhaps it's an old-fashioned notion, but in my book there is no excuse short of childbirth for sending a husband to a party alone. Besides, I had a new dress.

It was the kind of annual company party where everyone is expected to mingle and be very gay—but they usually did not and were not.

My husband generally disappears at such gatherings, abandoning me to half-remembered faces and completely forgotten names. That night, however, he was as solicitous as a prince in a fairy tale. I and my condition were introduced to everyone in the room.

Party conversation has always seemed to me a polite form of non-communication. People exchange words as they circulate, but conversation rarely progresses beyond the stage of casual remarks. I had often wondered why this is so and could only attribute it to the lack of chairs. That night I found another explanation.

A young woman I had met before came over to speak to me. She was pregnant, and I beamed, for I am always delighted at the prospect of a new baby. "When?" I asked, forming the word with my lips.

"In three months," she answered.

I looked steadily into her eyes.

It was obvious to me that she was troubled.

I held up one finger at a time. "The second," she answered. She stood quietly, looking at a distance. Had I been talking I would probably have begun telling her about my family. "I was so excited about the first one," she said slowly, "but I just can't seem to have that same feeling."

Half-embarrassed, she looked at me, then added: "Our little girl is so adorable. She's only two, but she talks in whole sentences, and she brings me her little books to read. Would you like to see her picture?"

Nod.

"It doesn't show her face too well. I always wanted a little girl, ever since I can remember, and having her was just perfect—too perfect, maybe." She hesitated, then said softly:

"I know I should not feel this way, and I haven't said it to anyone, but I'm afraid. How can you love a second child the way you do the first?"

I POINTED to myself and held up three fingers.

"You have three?" she interpreted.

I nodded and put my hand on her arm. For a long moment we looked into each other's eyes. "Did you feel the same way?" she asked incredulously.

I nodded vehemently.

"Maybe everyone does," she mused. "Maybe it's just natural. I suppose after it's born I'll love it just as much—it will have a different personality, a different love."

"Yes," I nodded emphatically. She stayed to talk for quite a while. When we parted, she took my hand, and I felt that we had established something permanent between us.

Then one of my husband's co-workers, a mild, soft-spoken man, came over to talk. We had met before and exchanged a few words, but tonight he seemed friendlier. He kept up a bubbling monologue for a few minutes, then, forgetting himself, he asked:

"Well, what's new with you?" I gestured, reversing the question and asking it of him.

"Oh, the same old routine, you know," he began, "except that I'm working on this new idea, and I've got my fingers crossed." After a few moments of silence he continued, "It's pretty much on paper yet, but some of the boys in the engineering department think I might really have something."

He read my look of interest. "You want me to tell you about it? It's pretty technical. Well, you see I got this idea a couple of years ago and it's been with me ever since. Why not use a gadget that would eliminate . . ."

I did not understand all the terms he used, but as I listened his idea came clear, and I was able to share his enthusiasm.

"You know," he said when my husband came to join us, "I've been trying to explain this thing to my wife for months, but she's always interrupting, saying she doesn't understand, and by the time I stop to explain I am way off the track and can't get back."

As we left the party, my husband gave me that special glance and said: "You look beautiful." I smiled, realizing that a compliment never really requires any other answer. It should remain undiminished by further comment, kept apart and treasured.

"You looked as if you were having a good time," he remarked. I had had a wonderful time. I had heard good conversation, real conversation, and had discovered new things about many of the people there, things that lay beneath the surface of the customary empty pleasantries.

I thought back to all the other parties I had attended and wondered how many times I had unwittingly injected a comment of my own at the wrong moment, silencing forever the words that might have led to a revelation.

Late Sunday afternoon my voice returned, but I still rationed words. That night I went over the lecture for final revision, cut the length by nearly half, and proudly showed the final version to my husband, saying:

"He that has knowledge spareth his words."

With an air of exquisite nonchalance, he nodded knowingly. □

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Alaska Methodist University:

In the Right Place —At the Right Time

Text by **Herman B. Teeter** / Pictures by **Don Rutledge**

THIS SUMMER, as Alaska begins its second decade of statehood, thousands of international visitors will again come pouring in by sea and air. Each will expect to find a fast-developing but still frontierlike land where everything—from snow-topped mountain ranges and grinding glaciers to abundant wildlife and teeming rivers—seems big beyond belief. And they will not be disappointed.

Relatively new on the scene, and a growing tourist attraction in its own right, is the campus of Alaska Methodist University, dedicated one day before the territory became the 49th state in 1958. This growing institution could very well be the last of the many frontier schools founded by Methodists, for Alaska may indeed be the last frontier available to the American people.

No one is more aware of this than Jenny Alowa, a dark-eyed Eskimo girl from an island in the Bering Sea situated less than 50 miles from Soviet Siberia. Tourists last summer found her to be a charming, well-informed guide who plans to return home as a teacher in elementary school. Day after day, with scores of

inquisitive visitors in tow, Jenny conducted tours of AMU's modern buildings and facilities on the 505-acre campus at the outskirts of Anchorage, now a city of more than 100,000 people.

"I love my job," Jenny says. "I find the people very friendly and, of course, full of questions. One question frequently asked is if I am a Hawaiian, since my last name is Alowa. They take me for any race that comes to mind."

Jenny Alowa, one of AMU's five tour guides, points out that the rapidly growing student body of more than 600 includes many races from many states and countries. Founded by the Methodist Board of Missions' National Division, which last year pledged an additional \$2.5 million for the next five years, AMU now has five main buildings and nine faculty houses (accommodating 14 families). These buildings, which are functional and well built as well as beautiful, are the nucleus of what in future years could become one of the world's most unusual campuses. The plan, drawn by Edward Durell Stone, a renowned architect, calls for a cluster of buildings around an open court



"This is where we live, work, and study," dark-haired Jenny Aloia tells visitors she conducts around AMU campus near Anchorage. The Eskimo girl's face beams with more than casual pride as she tells tourists what the new institution means to the people of the 49th state—as well as to herself.

Symbol of steady growth: Jenny's guided tour begins at the Student Union which houses dining rooms, an international lounge, bookstore, post office, and student activity offices. The building, along with other major ones, was completed in 1965, five years after the school opened.





"Some of the tourists are thrilled to see their first Eskimo," says Jenny. "I meet all kinds of people, and find them very interesting, too."

area—and eventual enrollment of thousands. Grant Hall, the center of academic activity, is named in honor of the late Bishop A. Raymond Grant whose interest in a Methodist-related institution for Alaska predated statehood by many years.

Jenny finds the AMU campus a world away from her native St. Lawrence Island, 200 miles southeast of Nome. Her home village, Savoonga, has a population of about 450.

But she has to laugh when tourists, seeing an Eskimo for the first time, want to know if she lived in an igloo.

"Of course," she says, "there are no modern conveniences at my home. People hunt for food, and do ivory carving and skin sewing for their living.

"My hometown has one school building with grades one through eight, one Presbyterian church, one native store, and one National Guard Armory. The main transportation is dog team and snowmobile in winter, and skin boat in summer.

"Now that most of the young people are educated, village life is gradually changing. The older people are beginning to accept a white man's world."

Young people like Jenny are one reason for AMU's existence. She formerly attended college in Colorado, but enrolled at AMU to be closer to home. Now that the school has added educational opportunities to those offered in Fairbanks by the University of Alaska, fewer and fewer of Alaska's young people are leaving their home state for higher education.

Educators who are spearheading AMU's development have noted that frontier lands have always cried out for "leaders to guide the youth, heal the sick, to liberate the minds, to improve the social order, to en-



Alone at last, Jenny walks down a winding path through dense growths of aspen, birch, and spruce—typical of wooded areas on the 505-acre campus.

large economic opportunities . . . to establish codes of ethics, to determine the nature of justice, to create the moral climate, and to articulate the democratic ideals we cherish."

Recently a lay member of the National Division, Richard H. Gantz, wanted to know if AMU is fulfilling that role, as so many Methodist-founded frontier schools have done since the nation was born. He visited the school to find out "whether the church is really doing anything very significant . . ."

Mr. Gantz returned home, declaring that AMU's program "thrilled me and filled me with enthusiasm such as I have not known for many a year." Here, indeed, he added, "the church is serving one of the last frontiers of continental United States, helping to guide, shape, and train the leadership and people of our 49th state."

Long before Alaska's statehood, the church saw the need for more institutions of higher learning.

In order for young people to have meaningful citizenship in the life of the nation, AMU crusaders declared, they "must have the same privileges and opportunities as are open in the 'south 48.'"

Later, Alaskans would voice their deep concern by saying: "Well, we're in, but we need leaders to make this a great state."

Already Methodism's AMU crusade to launch a four-year, liberal-arts college had progressed steadily through the stages of securing a campus, laying a cornerstone for the first building, and constructing an academic building and a residence hall. The college was ready to open by September, 1960.

It was apparent that the pressures of a scientific age were being greatly accentuated in the huge new state

—in industry, government, community development, social service, business or professional careers, educational-religious institutions.

Alaska, it was pointed out, “is compelled to develop these institutions and services in the accelerating tempo of the times and hastily bring them to a level comparable to their counterparts in the south 48 states.”

The state of Alaska, a survey reveals, is made up mostly of people who migrated from other states of the union. These people want the opportunities which will provide them and their children with the same advantages—cultural, social, economic, and educational—as those that had been afforded them back in their home states.

“While growth has been impressive, as noted by the 1964 General Conference, the goal stressed by the conference would assist in further growth to a ‘level considered adequate for a Methodist institution,’” says Dr. Fred P. McGinnis, AMU president. “A 10-year-plan toward that level has been approved by the trustees.”

Here, in strategically located Anchorage—a major air crossroads of the Northern Hemisphere—both the nation and The United Methodist Church are playing important roles in developing the social, economic, and spiritual potential of a promising region.

Jenny Alowa, along with hundreds of other young people, knows that in Alaska it is not yet too late—that Alaska Methodist University is in the right place at the right time to render service with far-reaching consequences for the future. □



In addition to conducting tours and working in AMU's public-relations office, Jenny helps pay her way with a part-time job in the bookstore.

As Alaska's long-shining summer sun sinks low, Jenny returns to the women's dormitory. Her room, like many in colleges throughout all the states, features a wall poster and personal trivia. Here she sits for a sketch drawn by Margaret Strichter, a California student enrolled in AMU's summer school.





Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz. © 1960 by Warner Press, Inc.

"I just signed up for my fourth straight year at youth camp, Mom . . . I mean, wow! How spiritual can you get?"

Teens Together

By DALE WHITE

IN THIS column we encourage young people to speak for themselves, not only when they have a problem but also when they have achieved a victory or found a new level of awareness. Young people can often teach us a lot about wisdom and courage. This girl surely can:

"Recently I have been living an unusual experience. I wish to share several things I've learned, hoping they will be of some value to other teen-agers.

"In my world of 16-almost-17 it is death not to be accepted. I have fought and still fight; I finally have a measure of success to call my own. I know that I *can* be accepted on my terms, softened by a blend of the best around me. To the many things still beyond my reach I can say, 'I am immune.'

"This spring I had a bilateral leg operation. My world became sixteen-going on-seventeen-I-am-glad-to-be-alive.

"I used to look out the hospital window into the sky and trees, and cry. Part of it, I suppose, was for the strangeness. In one way I was glad for what was happening. Indeed, I would not trade an hour of it for any other hour, anywhere. God had been taking my legs away for six years; at last he was allowing me to reclaim them. It was hard, and such a contradiction to be glad for pain, to thank God for it, and yet at the same

time to thank him because it was no worse.

"I have learned that some things are not so important as I once thought they were. I have learned to sort somewhat, and to care for some of the things that truly deserve care. Going out for a pizza used to be an ultimate. But what is that compared with the magnificent business of flashing a very human smile when a child stares, or a teen-ager's look has said, 'Good grief! What is that contraption you're sitting in?' The pizza is delicious, and the companionship nice. They are part of my world, and I love them. But the smile comes out of the soul, and I lay claim to its superiority.

"I have learned a part of patience and of humbleness. I will walk; many never will. To those, surely, I owe a pledge of concern and diligence. I owe them ambassadorship. Having found myself without my friend when a friend was desperately needed, I can now more nearly be a friend.

"I have tasted a new life, and not for anything, even were it possible, would I return to the other. I have a glimpse of just how wonderful being alive can be. I want to submerge myself in it totally, to pour it over me like warm sand.

"I'm still the same girl. I still long to be accepted for myself. Only the situation is different now. I was fairly successful up to a certain point, and then taken from the race. I raced by myself

for awhile. When I reenter the larger competition, I'll have an invaluable new confidence in myself and a sure faith in someone greater than I. I can not only walk, I can run! I will teach others to run with me."



I am a college student in need of help, and I don't know where to turn. I have tried to deal with my problems myself, but now I'm in so deep that I think only psychiatric care can pull me out. However, I have heard that it costs \$15 to \$25 an hour for a psychiatrist, and I'm afraid I couldn't go long enough to do me any good. I need somebody understanding who can help me without telling my parents or anybody else. I've never been able to talk to anybody, and now I'm afraid it's hurt me. I realize that you probably don't know personally someone to fit my needs, but if you could make a few suggestions as to how I could find someone, I would be very grateful. I'm not in need of a crying towel; I'm in need of help. I'll be very grateful for any help you can give me.—G.F.

It is true that psychiatric care is expensive. However, increasing numbers of community services and clinics are available at reduced cost. Many colleges offer services. Check with any or several of these: college psychology department or dean of students; local physician; pastor or chaplain; health and welfare services listed in the yellow pages. Your state has a fine network of pastoral counseling centers. I will send you the address of the director of this program. Keep at it! This could be the most important task to which God is calling you at this point in your life.



I am 16, a sophomore in a small-town high school. My best girl friend ran the risk of getting into trouble. Word got around that she might be pregnant. As it turned out, she wasn't. Needless to say, her reputation went down. Luckily for her, she had loyal friends to stand up for her. She is back on her good behavior now, and everything is great.

In your column you advise persons in trouble to find loyal friends. You tell us to try to be such an understanding friend. But you keep leaving one thing out: warn teen-agers that their reputation might go down also

when they try to stand by someone in trouble. In a small community, that can be terrible. Everyone knows that you are judged partly by the friends you pick. There is a strong sisterlike love between my girl friend and me. If we hadn't been that close, I doubt that even I would have stood up for her.

People are very religious in our town. Most of them don't drink, smoke, or swear. But, boy do they gossip!—S.R.

Thanks for reminding us. You do run the risk of getting splashed when you stand close to someone who is the target of mudslingers. I usually say, don't try to handle this kind of thing alone. Go with a few close friends to the minister or some other adult who can be trusted. You can plan out your strategy together. Be sure the minister discusses the plan with your parents.



I am an Indonesian girl of 19. Although I am living in a nice, big house and provided with the best of everything, still I am not happy. At most nights I find it hard to fall asleep, and as days go by I am more restless. The reason is I wanted to be a missionary (nurse) to Africa, for I am bored of all the luxurious things. I have found out that I have missed something more important.

However, there are so many circumstances, it is rather hard for me to make up my mind. First, I left school at 17 (senior); hence, I am doubtful whether I have the chance to apply for the mission. Besides, I have no experience, but I love very much to help. Second, my mother does not want me to be a nurse or travel to any far country. Worst of all is that I am such a dependable girl, and I am the youngest in the family. I am not supposed to have my own choice of vocation, even though it's the right one which I often dream of.

My parents still consider me a kid and if I tell them about it, they will think of me as having a crazy idea. To be a missionary to them seems very impossible. They don't understand me. They have given to me the best of everything so they never expect me to be unhappy. Sometimes I feel so sick that I hate life. Please tell me what I must do, for I still want to be a missionary.—J.T.

You will be receiving a letter soon from Miss Allene Ford of the Methodist Board of Missions, 475 Riverside Drive, New York, N.Y. 10027. She is

an understanding counselor of young people who want to enter missionary service. She will know who might help you discover whether your dream can be realized.



I am 15 and have been going with a girl for about four months now, and we have been doing beautifully. The only problem is that she is Catholic and I am Methodist. My parents do not approve, although I have tried to talk with them reasonably. All they do is joke about it and tell me to let her go.

Another thing that is against us is that she lives in Michigan, and I have recently moved to Florida. I can't think of any reason why I shouldn't keep going with her, since I will still be going back in the summer and I will soon be out of high school, anyway.

My grandmother does not help matters at all. All she seems to think about is getting enjoyment out of teasing me. This I try to take lightly, although I did blow up the other day at my mother and told her to quit it.

I am in desperate need of your advice. What should I do? Do you think I should keep going with her?—J.T.

I say hold your temper and bide your time. Writing letters back and forth can't hurt anything, and maybe you can date her some this summer, if your folks don't object too much. Of course you remember the old saying: "Absence makes the heart grow fonder—for someone else." Much as it may hurt to think about it, you and your girl will probably drift apart now that you live in different states. Otherwise, the faith problem could perhaps be resolved. Many couples are finding that the Catholic-Protestant barrier, while serious, is not as hard to work out as it used to be.



I am a girl, 16. A long time ago, when I was just beginning to blossom as a woman, we took a trip to my grandfather's home. I let my kindly old grandfather do something that now I know I should not have let him do. My mother never told me I would have to say "No" to my grandfather. From that point on, I have blossomed no more, and I know that I never shall. I have asked God for hours at a time to forgive me. I have asked him privately, reverently, and

very sincerely. Is my undeveloped figure punishment from God? If it isn't, could a medical doctor help me? My mother says many women have this problem, and I shall just have to live with it. I know I'll never get married if something doesn't happen—I want a family so badly!—B.K.

We need a society for the prevention of self-inflicted cruelty to teenagers. How many young people torture themselves with predictions of a terrible fate, all because of some half-innocent offense they committed long before they knew any better! Anxieties about physical development have a sneaky way of getting all mixed up with guilt about sex. "I abused myself, and now I am not developing properly, and I have ruined my chances for a happy marriage," taunts the accuser inside.

Actually, the episode with your grandfather years ago has nothing to do with the shape of your figure now. Ask your family doctor whether he would recommend changes in diet, exercises, or other remedies for your problem. You have been asking God for forgiveness all this time; how about accepting the forgiveness he has been offering all along? My New Testament says that if we confess our sins, God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins. It doesn't say we have to keep nagging him about it.

And what makes you so sure you will never get married? Twiggy has admirers all over the globe. And, in spite of what some popular magazines infer, most fellows do not choose their brides by tape measure.



I am 19 and my boyfriend is 22. We want to get married a year from now, or whenever our finances will allow. Only one barrier stands between me and complete happiness. My boyfriend dropped out of school before graduation. He missed several weeks with surgery and could not catch up, so he quit. Unfortunately, his parents did not encourage his staying in, but suggested he get a job. He did find work, and now he makes a good salary. He wants to finish by correspondence course, since he only lacks a few credits.

My second problem is my parents. They do not know he hasn't graduated. I feel guilty not telling them, but I know they would disapprove strongly. You see, my brother is in graduate school, and I am in college and they hope to see me graduate. So how do I go about telling them their



Bishop Nall Answers Questions About

Your Faith and Your Church

What is 'moonlighting for Christ'? There is no precise definition for this catchy phrase, but it appeals to me as standing for a popular attitude in which I do not believe. We cannot content ourselves with adding a second job of religious activity to the full-time work by which we earn food, clothing, and shelter. We dare not be satisfied with church work added to regular work, nor with busy work on top of the shortened workweek and religion instead of recreation.

Peter's "I go a-fishing," as some translators have it, referred to fishing for men on a full-time basis. The worker-priests of France had the right idea, even though their radical insistence on changes in the church's approach to economics put them into conflict with the power structure of the business community. They were not moonlighting for Christ, but working for Christ—as they saw it—just as Paul must have done his evangelizing while he was earning his living in the secular world of his day.

Is it 'Ah-men' or 'Aye-men'? Either, for both are acceptable English pronunciations of a word we have borrowed from the Hebrew. As most of us know, it means, "So be it!" or "Agreed!" or perhaps, "You can say that again!"

What happened to the Fundamentalists? The word "fundamentalism" and its derivatives do not appear in the Scriptures, nor in the history of religion until the time of the First World War. It was restricted to the United States at first, and then spread into the mission fields. Appearing in many denominations, the movement stressed supernaturalism, or the view that God manifests his presence in nature and history through exceptional and extraordinary activities, transcending the laws of nature. It depended on a literalistic interpretation of the Bible.

Some leaders in the movement preferred to be called "Essentialists," others, simply Conservatives. But it must be realized that Christian beliefs have undergone some deep-sea changes in recent years, with a new emphasis on the fundamental teachings (that is, the Kerygma) of the Bible. In many ways, this is more conservative than liberal.

T. Otto Nall, bishop of Methodism's Minnesota Area, is a former editor of CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE and author of several books. He would be happy to have your questions about faith and church. Address him in care of TOGETHER, Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068.—Editors

future son-in-law is a so-called high-school dropout? Have you any information on approved correspondence courses?—L.T.

As you might guess, I am a firm believer in education, and think it a shame when any young person has to drop out of high school. I do not believe in stereotyping people, however. Failure to graduate does not automatically disqualify a person as a marriage partner any more than earning a Ph.D. guarantees an ideal husband or wife. Thousands of self-educated men are providing very well for their families, and are competent and loving husbands and fathers.

The important questions are: Has your boyfriend demonstrated by his employment record that he has the competence and self-discipline needed to support a family in our kind of technological society? Is he a whole human being, warm, thoughtful, and responsible? Do you share a wide range of common interests and enthusiasms? Are you both strong in your faith commitments? Will the fact that you have more education than he raise a barrier between you, causing him to lose confidence in himself, or you to lose respect for him?

You should discuss these matters with your parents. I hope they know him well enough to sense his true qualities. Your high-school guidance department or principal's office is the best place to inquire about accredited correspondence courses.

QA

I am a girl, 12. When our school has home basketball games, I go as I love basketball. Before the game starts I look the other team over to see if I can find any cute boys. I've tried not to look, but it's impossible. I usually find a cute boy and all through the game I keep my eye on him. Then after the game I'm always thinking of him. And I can't get him out of my mind. I have a lot of boys in my mind, and I can't forget them. What shall I do?—K.J.

Enjoy your memories. Daydream a little. One of these days you will be old enough to do more than watch.

Tell Dr. Dale White about your problems, your worries, your accomplishments, and he will respond through Teens Together. Write to him c/o TOGETHER, Box 423, Park Ridge, Illinois 60068.—EDITORS



Every year hundreds of loans and scholarships go begging,
simply because those who could have used them didn't know they existed.

By MARTHA LANE
Associate Editor

ONE OF the greatest financial worries for many families is the cost of putting the kids—and sometimes mom and dad, too—through college. Although university costs continue to climb rapidly, few promising high-school graduates need to lose out on a college education for lack of funds. The money, in loan and scholarship form, is available—for those who know where to find it.

Here is a brief guide to financial help available to those who can demonstrate both a financial need and the ability to do good academic work.

Methodist Aid

The United Methodist Student Loan Fund is available to students enrolled full time in an accredited institution of higher education in the United States. The applicant must have been a Methodist for at least a year; he must be a U.S. citizen, healthy, responsible, either partially or wholly self-supporting, with a grade average of C or better during the semester or quarter immediately preceding application. (First-semester freshmen

must have an average of B or better for the senior year of high school.)

Qualified students may borrow up to \$3,000. This amount is available in the following maximum yearly allotments: for freshmen, \$250; sophomores, \$300; juniors, \$400; seniors, \$450. Graduate students may borrow a maximum of \$600 annually; theological students, \$600; and nursing students, \$300.

Interest on student loans is 1 percent per year while the student is in full-time school attendance, and 3 percent thereafter. Loans are repaid in equal monthly installments, beginning not later than six months after study is completed.

United Methodist Scholarships are awarded for one year at a time, and are applicable to tuition and fees up to \$500. Applicants must be United Methodists, attending a United Methodist-related college.

United Methodist Graduate Fellowships: the Bishop James C. Baker Graduate Awards for training Wesley Foundation professional leadership, value \$500 to \$2,500 each; Cokesbury Graduate Awards in College Teaching, value \$500 to \$2,500 each; the John Q. Schisler

Graduate Awards for training Christian-education directors, value \$1,000 each; and United Methodist Scholarship Seminary Awards for second-year seminarians preparing for pastoral ministry, \$500 each.

Federal Government Aid

National Defense Loans allow undergraduate students to borrow up to \$1,000 a year. Borrowers can delay making repayments until 9 months after leaving school, and have 10 years to repay the loan. Interest, not charged until repayment begins, is 3 percent per year. Special considerations are given to teachers, to those serving in the armed forces, Peace Corps, and VISTA, and to those teaching in poverty areas or in schools for the handicapped.

Study Opportunity Grants are outright gifts, ranging from \$200 to \$800 per year.

College Work-Study Programs permit students to work full time summers and up to 15 hours a week during school sessions for non-profit organizations. The employer pays 10 percent of the student's salary, the federal government

agrees to pay the other 90 percent.

Guaranteed College Loans are open to students who want to borrow from banks or other private lenders. They are limited to \$1,000 yearly for undergraduates, \$1,500 per year for graduate students. The "guaranteed" part is the 6 percent annual interest rate. If the family's adjusted income is less than \$15,000, the government pays all the interest while the student is in school, and 3 percent during the repayment period, which begins nine months after the borrower leaves school.

Guaranteed Loans for Vocational Students are available to those attending business, trade, secretarial, professional, or other vocational schools. The borrowing qualifications and interest rates are similar to the Guaranteed College Loan program.

Other Sources

Scholarships and loans also are available from individual colleges, states, and private agencies and foundations. Each form of financial aid has its own specific qualifications, such as residence in a particular state or membership in a certain organization. Numerous scholarships now are available to Negro students.

Sometimes all one has to do to win a scholarship is to write a good essay. For example, at Emory University, freshmen compete for a \$500 scholarship by writing on such a topic as "We Georgians are often our own worst enemies when we intentionally use colloquialisms in

preference to standard English."

Scholarships, being outright gifts, are always the preferable form of aid. But many are of such small amounts that additional aid must be found.

School finance counselors warn that students should never borrow money needlessly. Yet, for some young people, borrowing is a must if they are to attend college at all.

Which Loans Are Cheapest?

Government loans and church-sponsored loans are the cheapest because they usually feature a flat yearly interest rate. Direct loans from private agencies generally are more expensive.

Under the United Methodist Student Loan Fund or the National Defense Act, for instance, when a student leaves school he pays \$3 a year (3 percent simple interest) on each \$100 borrowed. Under the Guaranteed College Loans program, the rate is 6 percent simple interest yearly, so he pays back \$6 on each \$100 borrowed.

Interest rates for commercial loans are higher, in spite of their low-sounding advertisements. The borrower should be aware of hidden charges and should figure out what amount he will be paying in terms of actual interest *before* he signs for a loan. A bank may loan \$1,000 at a "2 2/3-percent credit service charge," but the repayment schedule calls for eight monthly payments of \$128.34. The borrower actually pays \$26.72 for his \$1,000 loan, or 13½ percent true interest.

Similarly, a popular finance-com-

pany tuition plan demands eight payments of \$130 for a \$1,000 loan. This figures out to an actual simple interest rate of about 21 percent.

To Learn More

Information about United Methodist aid can be had by writing the Office of Student Loans and Scholarships, Board of Education, P.O. Box 871, Nashville, Tenn. 37202.

Information about federal loans and scholarships can be obtained from the U.S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, Washington, D.C. 20002.

An excellent detailed listing of available government aid is *Financial Assistance for College Students: Undergraduate* (\$1.25), which is available from the Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. 20402.

Need a Lift? (25¢) is a handbook published annually by the American Legion, 700 N. Pennsylvania St., Indianapolis, Indiana 46204. It lists addresses of government, industrial, religious, and other sources of help.

National Scholarship Service and Fund for Negro Students, 6 East 82nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10028, can provide scholarship information.

Comprehensive information on both public and private loans also can be obtained from public libraries (which usually have volumes devoted to listing financial aids available and the qualifications required), from state boards of education, and from school finance advisors. □

This I Know

I have felt the satisfaction of a job well done, so I know what happiness is.
I have seen the wrinkled hands of a devoted mother, so I know what love is.
I have watched a busy man pause to help a little child, so I know what greatness is.
I have heard a grateful son say, "Thanks, Dad!" so I know what heaven is.
I have seen frail children fight for scraps of food, so I know what war is.
I have seen men give up in the face of adversity, so I know what death is.
I have chosen the difficult instead of the easy, so I know what peace is.
I have experienced the joy of abiding friendship, so I know what God is.

—WILLIAM A. WARD

Looks at NEW Books

DESIGN in the hands of Sister Mary Corita becomes fine art [see *Survival With Style*, March, page 33]. Her work is on exhibition at major art museums around the world, but we, too, can have our Corita. *To Believe in God* (Harper & Row, \$3.95) is a small book of poems by Joseph Pintauro presented by Sister Corita in her own inimitable, effervescent style. It is both book and work of art.

Poet and playwright, Joseph Pintauro is an ordained Roman Catholic priest who obtained special permission from his bishop to join the secular world. He works for an advertising firm in New York City. Sister Corita often uses words and slogans from advertising in posters that express the excitement of believing in God.

The one book to have read this month is, of course, the *Report of the National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders* (Bantam Books, \$1.25). No matter how many reports about this *Report* have reached you via television, newspapers, and magazines, it is different when you read the full text for yourself.

In a special introduction, Tom Wicker of *The New York Times* says: "It is a picture that derives its most devastating validity from the fact that it was drawn by representatives of the moderate and 'responsible' Establishment—not by black radicals, militant

youth or even academic leftists. From it rises not merely a cry of outrage; it is also an expression of shocked intelligence and violated faith."

The paperback edition was rushed into print in March, ahead of the cloth edition to be published by Dutton, and weeks ahead of the edition published by the Government Printing Office. It is authoritative, complete, and designed to be read by as many people as possible as quickly as possible.

Timeliness was never more important, as this country learned during the disorder following the murder of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.

Members of the commission do not accept America's deepening racial division as irreversible. Choice is still possible, says the *Report*; but a commitment to national action on an unprecedented scale is necessary, and the major need is to generate "the will to tax ourselves to the extent necessary to meet the vital needs of the nation."

A university president from the United States who had made a special point of visiting Alan Paton during a visit to South Africa, wrote to the novelist later saying he was not the kind of person he had expected to see.

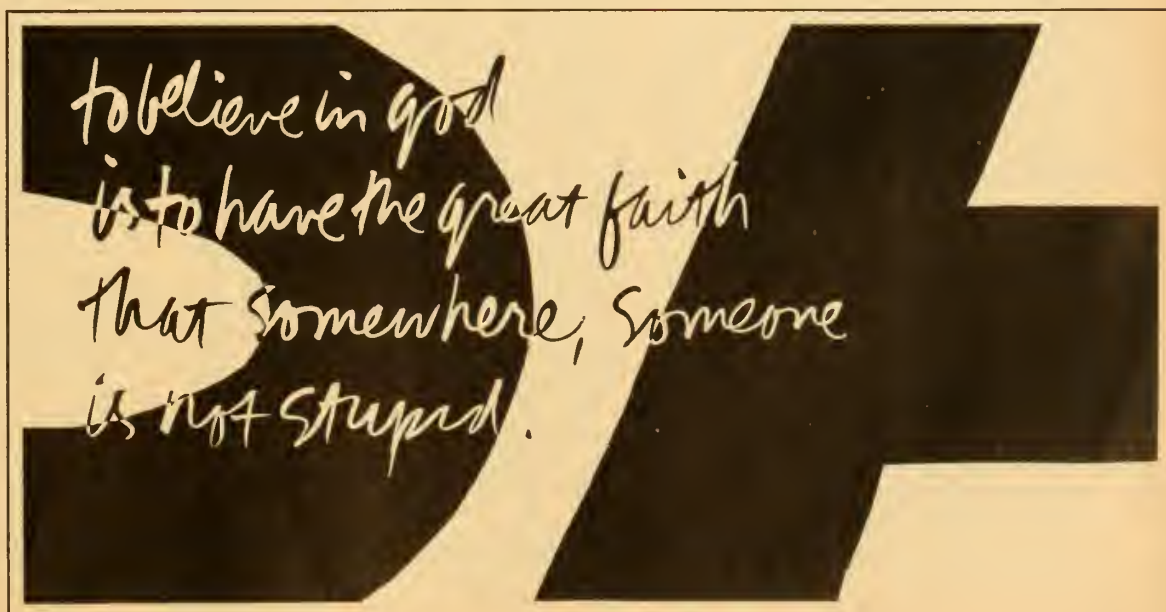
Paton replied, asking him what he meant. The university president wrote back that he had expected to see more a man of joy—a man of Christian joy.

"This observation, which was as sharp and clean as a knife, led me to do some thinking," Paton says in *Instrument of Thy Peace* (Seabury, \$3.50).

"Why can I not be described as joyful? Why on the whole can my friends not be described as joyful? Most of them have a decided sense of humour, and all of them have experienced joyful occasions, reunions, blessings, achievements, and expect to experience many more. People have been known to shout for joy, leap for joy, dance for joy, weep for joy. All these things they do on joyous occasions. Some of the most spectacular joyous occasions are those on which our cause has triumphed, and someone else's cause has been defeated!

"These joyous occasions I understand well. I have often experienced them. I have often been able to be the bringer of joy to others; this is a country in which small things, small gifts, small recognitions, small identifications, can bring disproportionate joy. Not only does one bring joy, one experiences joy in bringing it. And the reason is that when one brings joy, and when one experiences joy in bringing it, one has what I can only describe as an experience of God. I am not speaking of mystical experience, because I do not have much mystical experience. What I am speaking of, to coin a pretty terrible phrase, is the

No air of pious solemnity marks the religious statements of Joseph Pintauro or the art of Sister Mary Corita in *To Believe in God*.



joy of instrumentality. The more I am used as an instrument, the closer do I approach a state of abiding joy.

"The world, however, is a tough place. It brings frustrations, and frustrations in this context mean that one's instrumentality is restricted in its scope by forces that one does not control. This calls for fortitude, patience, and constancy. These are the qualities of the friends with whom I have worked. Not for a moment do I suppose that they are the only ones who have them, nor do I suppose that those who are opposed to me do not have them.

"Now I think it is quite possible that the espousal of a cause which one believes to be worthy of one's devotion, the facing of difficulties with fortitude, patience, and constancy, the willingness to endure suffering for the sake of this cause, can bring joy. Instantly there comes to my mind the famous photograph of Gandhi and Nehru sitting together on a mat, with Gandhi the picture of childlike gaiety, which is a manifestation of joy. That Jesus could be gay, I could not for a moment question, though the Gospels do not tell us about it; they tell us much more about the graver joy of a hard course chosen and pursued to the end.

"Therefore, while I wish I could be more joyous, and do more of this shouting, leaping, dancing, and weeping, I shall tell myself to accept myself, which, as everyone knows, is dangerous advice. I shall not take too desperate a view of my own situation. I remember, though not well, one of the well-known stories of World War II, told of the man who was responsible for the safety of British merchant shipping. This man I shall call Sir John, but that was probably not his name. Things were going pretty badly for British shipping, and one of Sir John's colleagues was in his office, filling the air with gloom. Sir John said to him sharply, 'You've forgotten Rule No. 4.' His colleague asked with surprise, 'What's Rule No. 4?' 'Rule No. 4,' said Sir John, 'is, "Don't take yourself too seriously."' His colleague asked, 'What are the other rules?' Sir John replied, 'There aren't any others.' So I shall try, and those like me should try, too, not to take too serious a view of our failure to attain this state of permanent joy. St. Francis did it, but, as someone said to me reproachfully, 'St. Francis was a saint!' Yet he, too, passed through a long period of what could only be called absence of joy.

"This year a friend of mine wished me a happy Easter, and I, because my wife was gravely ill, replied that I did not think it would be happy. When he reached home, he sat down and wrote to me that no Christian

should be unhappy at Easter because what had happened at Easter was of an eternal order, whereas our griefs were temporal.

"I replied to him that I did not expect to be unhappy at Easter, I was prepared to face the future and whatever it might bring. I wrote: 'I like to see happiness and to see happy people, especially happy children. I hope they may grow up happy also, but if I had to choose, I would rather see them brave.'

"And many of those I know have had to choose. They do not show the outward signs of joy, but they have an inner fortitude, a kind of inner equilibrium that has cost too much to be tranquility, and is still too much on guard to be serenity. I think that such an inner equilibrium might possibly be called joy."¹

Instrument of Thy Peace is a book of reflections based upon the prayer of St. Francis of Assisi: "Lord, make me an instrument of thy peace." Included are 19 original prayers by Paton, who is a man of our time—Christian, sensitive thinker and writer, and man of action. In addition to being world renowned as a novelist, he is a leader in the reform movement in the Republic of South Africa.

A Cup o' Kindness (Abingdon, \$2.95) is a good-humored collection of the kind of stories you find punctuating the sermons of successful preachers. Hugh C. Stuntz, retired president of Scarritt College, tells them well, and they make you wonder why preachers go ahead and surround them with elaborate interpretations. They make their points very well by themselves.

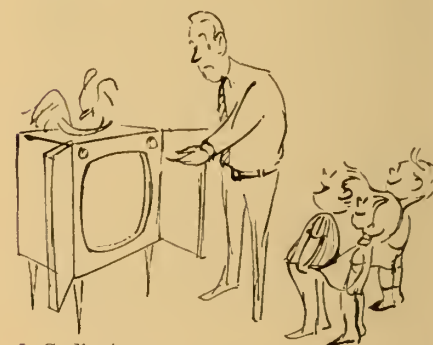
Readers between the ages of 10 and 14 can find their way handily through the current presidential campaign with *How We Choose a President* (St. Martin's, \$3.50). This excellent book by Lee Learner Gray first appeared in 1964, now has been revised for election year 1968.

This is a political year in which the impossible started happening early and may keep on happening right up to election day. The pattern of events is not likely to follow the plot of the political horror story Russell Baker tells in *Our Next President* (Atheneum, \$3.95). But Baker, who is a Washington columnist for *The New York Times*, catches the mood if not the reality of 1968.

The story hinges on the Electoral

College system, which permits the presidency to go up for grabs in Congress if no candidate turns up with a clear majority of electoral votes. In Baker's book John Lindsay gets a slight majority of popular votes over President Johnson but is four votes shy in the Electoral College. The House of Representatives is deadlocked and can't elect a president either. Finally the Senate elects Robert Kennedy vice-president and he moves into the White House.

Fiction? Yes. But this book shows the ever-present danger of an electoral system that no longer can be counted on to speak the will of the majority.



J. G. Farris

"This is a democracy.
Let's take a vote on what
program we'll watch."

Four books on Vatican II not only gave readers an "inside outside" view of that great Roman Catholic council, they also created a great guessing game. The author had to be a Roman Catholic with exceptional opportunities for knowing what was going on, but Xavier Rynne was not his real name and nobody knew what it was.

As far as I know, nobody knows his real identity yet, but now we have his fifth book, *Vatican Council II* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$10). This new, one-volume version of the four previous books skips chronologies, lists of speakers, and documentary appendices, and retains the timely, on-the-scene flavor of the original texts. It is a lively Roman Catholic view of the "human side" of the council, and of the Catholic Church. Some aspects of the view will look familiar to United Methodists since we, too, are involved in rethinking the faith and forms of a great church.

A slim, attractive woman doctor is responsible for a new kind of medical treatment that is sending drug addicts back to their families and to work as responsible members of society. The treatment substitutes the drug methadone for the narcotics that formerly

¹ Excerpts from *Instrument of Thy Peace* are © 1968 by the Seabury Press and are reprinted by permission of the publisher.—EDITORS

wrapped the addict in a blanket of unreality.

She is Dr. Marie Nyswander, who has worked with narcotic addicts in hospitals and in Harlem for 20 years. Nat Hentoff tells her story in *A Doctor Among the Addicts* (Rand McNally, \$4.50).

The methadone program, being conducted through selected New York City hospitals, is not 100 percent successful despite remarkable results, and it is controversial because methadone itself is a narcotic, but it offers the first serious hope that the solution to the steadily more serious problem of drug addiction may come through medical treatment rather than punitive law enforcement. Dr. Nyswander's views on narcotic laws, are controversial, too, but she has been able to get through to addicts and help them when others could not.

Christians need to know about drugs and drug addiction, and not just because they concern some other people, somewhere else. There are tranquilizers and pain-killers in almost every family medicine cabinet and the young in the suburbs as well as the slums are experimenting increasingly with barbiturates, hallucinogens, and heroin. None of us can say comfortably that we will not be faced with addiction in its most human terms. And it is in human terms that Dr. Nyswander has something very positive to say.

Richard Winston's richly documented biography of *Thomas Becket* (Alfred A. Knopf, \$10) speculates that the assassins who murdered the chancellor who became archbishop of Canterbury may have been acting in their own interest more than on behalf of King Henry II.

This highly readable book about one of the most colorful men of the Middle Ages will be fascinating to people who saw Richard Burton in the motion picture version of Becket's life as well as to others who like to see their history told in terms of people.

Winston went back to original sources, including hundreds of Thomas Becket's own letters, for this lifelike portrait.

The fourth edition of *The Oxford Companion to English Literature* (Oxford, \$12.50) may not find its way into many family libraries. Yet, its price is not too high for the amount of information it contains, and this book, compiled and edited by Sir Paul Harvey, has been standard for more than 30 years.

It can be a great help to youngsters entangled in writing book reports. But do not expect it to cover con-

Vistas of Well-lived Lives



THESE VINTAGE YEARS

MARGOT BENARY-ISBERT says, "I prefer to call old age an adventure, while others may call it a calamity." These words of wisdom reveal the message of *These Vintage Years*—a wonderfully warm celebration of age and of life . . . its joys and disappointments, the solitary satisfactions, the times of change and beginning again. Views on life to challenge young and old alike, not to endure, but to experience, to risk . . . to live. \$3.75

A SONG OF ASCENTS

E. STANLEY JONES calls his long-awaited autobiography, ". . . a transcript of a way to live." Since 1907 and his first trip to India, he has earned the reputation of "missionary to the world." His long career has touched many lives—Mahatma Gandhi, Kaga-wa, General Douglas MacArthur, Franklin Roosevelt, and thousands of others, great and small. *A Song of Ascents* is no ordinary book, it's a living document of a life devoted solely to God. \$4.95

DEVOTIONAL THOUGHTS FROM THE HOLY LAND

RUTH C. IKERMAN. Meditations and prayers based on the author's travels in the Holy Land reveal a rare quality of beauty and meaning. For Mrs. Ikerman, travel in the Holy Land became a spiritual pilgrimage. Everything she saw and heard took on special meaning as she viewed it through the eyes of Scripture and of contemporary living. In these unusual devotions, she shares that pilgrimage with the reader. \$2.75

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ABINGDON PRESS

The Book Publishing Department of
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temporary literature with the same thoroughness with which it reports on the past. Britain's angry young men are not represented, nor are such American writers as Mailer, Baldwin, Jones, Albce, Updike, and Capote.

In 1932 Randolph S. Churchill wired his father, Winston S. Churchill, that he had been offered 450 pounds advance on "substantial royalties" for a biography of him. The answer came back immediately: "Strongly deprecate premature attempt hope some day you will make thousands instead of hundreds . . ."

This sensible advice was heeded, "resulting," says Randolph S. Churchill, "in advantages to the family even more abundant than Mr. Churchill had predicted." He now is engaged in a multivolume, definitive biography of the statesman who became a legend in his own time.

Two volumes have appeared: *Winston S. Churchill—Youth, 1874-1900* and *Winston S. Churchill—Young Statesman, 1901-1914* (Houghton Mifflin, each \$10). Both lean heavily on letters and other papers written by the future prime minister himself, but they are supported by strong narrative by his son.

Winston Churchill wrote a biography of his own father, and that two-volume work published in January, 1906, has been praised as one of the three or four outstanding political biographies in the English language. His biography, by his son, is worthy to stand alongside it.

Edward Weeks considers fishing "the play of sunlight and shadow on water and the signals of the life beneath, the most complete and bewitching relaxation from a life devoted to print," and wherever the former editor-in-chief of *The Atlantic Monthly* has traveled for the last 30 years his flyrod has been an essential item in his luggage.

In *Fresh Waters* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$7.95), he recalls rivers and brooks, the thrill of the rod, and the companionship of friends and family. This book, illustrated by Walter Dower's pen-and-ink sketches, is a delight. Anybody wondering what to give dad on his day might take note.

Is your family going camping this summer? You will enjoy it more if you have read *When Your Family Goes Camping* (General Board of Education of The Methodist Church, 75¢). Churchman and devoted camper Ralph Bugg prepared this attractive and informative paperback guide for the board's Division of the Local Church because the division believes

family camping can be an experience in Christian living. It is a practical handbook that stresses the quality of life throughout.

Other current and helpful handbooks include 1968 editions of the *Rand McNally Guidebook to Campgrounds* (Rand McNally, \$3.95), which lists and rates more than 12,000 U.S. and Canadian campgrounds, and the *Rand McNally Travel Trailer Guide* (Rand McNally, \$3.95), a similar directory of trailer parks.

EFFRONTERY!

By Maureen Cannon

Those sassy dandelions! Just watch the way
Their brazen yellow faces polka-dot
The grass as if they all popped up to say
A gossip "What's new?" and, like as not,
Refused to budge, stayed on and on
and, worse,
Recruited friends to mock the gardener's curse!

Was it deliberate or unconscious, I wonder, when the promotion writer who wrote the jacket description for *McCall's Garden Book* (Simon and Schuster, \$6.95) referred to this new gardening guide as "down-to-earth."

In either case the book is a good, comprehensive job that includes valuable month-by-month regional time-tables for gardeners in various parts of the United States. Author Gretchen Fischer Harshbarger is both landscape architect and hobby gardener.

"We have done enough analyzing, dissecting, and tearing down; let us seek now to build up," says Methodist Bishop Lance Webb in *When God Comes Alive* (Abingdon, \$4.50). "Let us talk less about renewal and live and act as the renewed people of God."

This book is the bishop's interpretation of the Spirit-renewed church. In this context he considers worship, theology, community, mission, evangelism, ministry, and joy in living as a Christian.

The legend of Gilgamesh is believed to be the first story written by man. First recorded in Sumerian cuneiform 3,000 years before the birth of Christ, it tells of a great flood and of one

man, befriended by the gods, who survived by building an ark. And the sources of the mythological heroes Hercules, Jason, and Theseus are evident in the feats of Gilgamesh and his companion Enkidu, a monster who turns into a gentle man who loves and respects the king.

Bernarda Bryson, who has been preoccupied by this myth since the late 1920s, has set it down and illustrated it in a beautiful book that will delight readers of any age. *Gilgamesh* (Holt, Rinehart, Winston, \$4.95) is an important contribution to our understanding of man's earliest attempts to understand himself and the mysterious forces he sensed were at work in the world around him.

Maurice Sendak has taken the lines of a Mother Goose rhyme and created a modern fairy tale that will become a children's classic.

Higglety Pigglety Pop! or There Must Be More to Life (Harper & Row, \$4.95) is the story of Jennie the Sealyham, who leaves her comfortable home where she has everything, including two pillows, two bowls to eat from, and a master who loves her, to go out into the world to look for something that is more than everything. Her search takes her through a series of surrealistic adventures involving a cat with a milk wagon, a terrible-tempered baby, a pig, a lion, and a brooding air of menace. Of course, everything turns out happily.

Sendak's writing is a joy to read, and his illustrations, in Victorian style, are completely appealing. Small fry will love this book, and theological-minded teen-agers and adults will recognize it as the allegory it is.

You do not need to be a technical artist to be a designer, you just have to be enthusiastic, says Tony Hart in *The Young Designer* (Warne, \$3.95).

This fresh, exciting approach to line and shape, and their relationships to each other, is equally for the young and the young in spirit. Even if you can resist playing with some of the design projects this book suggests, you will find yourself with a new way of seeing.

Backwards for Luck (Knopf, \$3.95) is about Andy, who was afraid of things. Ordinary things like stepping on cracks in the sidewalk and walking into a dark room. It took a coal-black kitten to help him get over his fears and to understand his family better, particularly his big brother James. Boys and girls who are between 8 and 11 will enjoy this well-told story by Mary Francis Shura.

—BARNABAS



Browsing in Fiction

With GERALD KENNEDY, BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA

I HAVE always had admiration and respect for people who feel things deeply. My heroes are not the blasé, cold, objective thinkers who never get involved in causes emotionally. I know a woman, for example, who seems to feel that every case of injustice demands her full time and attention, and so she is always crusading for some cause. I think it is great; her husband sometimes wishes she was not always involved in a fight for justice, but he agrees with me that her spirit is the main hope for democracy.

A few years ago Gerald Green, in *The Last Angry Man*, told about a doctor in the Brooklyn slums who was always worked up over exploitation of the weak by the strong. Those who read the book probably will remember it even as I do. I was delighted then to receive **TO BROOKLYN WITH LOVE** by Gerald Green (*Trident Press*, \$5.95) which deals with the son of *The Last Angry Man*.

This is mainly the boy's story although the father is very much present. So is the boy's mother who has tried patiently to keep her husband's temper under control and who, in the midst of the filth and stink of the slums, reads Gissing and listens to Caruso records. But 12-year-old Albert Abrams is the main character.

A brilliant boy, he gets good grades in school but he is undersized, near-sighted, and not physically strong. He would gladly sacrifice his IQ if he could only hold his own in the games the slum children play. Of course, his mother does not sympathize with this reversal of values. His father is too busy to know how his son feels, but loves him so much that he buys special expensive gifts for him from time to time. Yet the boy's life is essentially a lonely one, and he enters into some kind of peace only rarely when he is accepted temporarily as an athlete.

This is a terrifying environment for a youngster to live in and the wonder is that Albert's home creates an atmosphere of culture and intellectual

life for him. His companions are boys headed for future gangsterdom. Occasionally there is a flash of decency and even of nobility in them.

Green recreates his own boyhood with realism and artistry. One of the nice touches is at the end when Albert, now a man with children of his own, notices that a subway worker has been honored that week for special courtesy. The honored worker is the Negro boy who had made life miserable for Albert years ago. I liked this book and it is a pleasant surprise to read something that does not feature violence or sex.

A novel that has received some very good reviews and is displayed in many bookstore windows is **NO LAUGHING MATTER** by Angus Wilson (*Viking*, \$6.95). Again, I had read previous books by Wilson which established him as a first-rate novelist. There were *Anglo-Saxon Attitudes* and *The Middle Age of Mrs. Eliot*.

What I have to say about my reaction to this latest novel is that of a Philistine. It is just too clever to suit me and the new and experimental way of presenting his material leaves me cold. It is the story of a family stretching across a period from 1912 to 1967. The book starts with a family outing in London and then follows their various fates through the 20th century.

It starts in a very dull and slow way, and I stayed with it only because I believed that eventually Angus Wilson would come up with something. But it never came. It seemed primarily a "talkie" book. People talk all the time and not always about interesting or significant things. I thought of a remark that was made about Moss Hart's hit play *Once in a Lifetime*. Trying to find out what was wrong with the last act, he finally had his clue when Sam Harris said to him, "I wish this weren't such a noisy play." I wish that this novel were not such a talking novel.

The parents are a down-at-the-heels writer and a frustrated actress. Their

children see through their pretenses and make fun of them among themselves. One becomes a nonconforming political commentator, another the mistress of an opportunist, another a handsome actor, another a successful woman novelist, another a rather stodgy housewife and professional mother, and another a homosexual.

The material is all here for a really great and exciting book, but somehow it never comes off. *No Laughing Matter* becomes a very sad affair. I wish Mr. Wilson would try again and stop being clever.

To top it off with a fluffy bit of desert, you might look at **THE PARADISE BIT** by William K. Zinsser (*Little, Brown*, \$5.95). A Hollywood promoter sets up a campaign to advertise a movie called *Desert Island for Two* and to proclaim the advantages of visiting an unspoiled, unvisited South Sea Island presided over by a British governor. A sagging economy needs help and so does this movie which is Hollywood at its cleverest and most inane. On the island there is a young Englishman named Denis Foote who is against everything that Mel Parker represents. He finds an unexpected ally in Sally Merrill, the attractive American girl working for Mel.

I do not think this book will improve your mind or widen your spiritual horizons. It is hard to find any greatness in the characters although several of them are interesting and worthy of some admiration. The whole thing is one great satire on our modern life and it is always delightful. You will never be in doubt as to what the author means and what is the point of the story. Finally you will be entertained and not be anxious to put the book down.

The menu this month is a varied one and in trying to present a little bit of something for everybody, I probably have pleased no one. But anyway, I like you very much. The Lord bless you. □



Windjammer to Pulpit

He was part of a rough and ready crew who survived on 'slightly spoiled' mutton and wormy oatmeal as the great ship plied the seas on a world voyage. But the new way of life he found at Bethelship in New York was unmarked on any chart.

By T. OTMANN FIRING

LONG AFTER the advent of steamships, the great windjammers of many nations continued to ply the seas with majesty and pride, sails billowing, masts as tall as trees. One such ship was the four-masted *Lancing*, one of the most famous in a long line of fascinating windjammers. This ship would take me on a devious course, after many months and thousands of leagues at sea, away from the military career I had planned. Instead, it would land me—so to speak—in the Christian ministry.

But a lesser ship, the *Laupar*, gave me my baptism at sea. I had left my boyhood home on a tiny island fortress in Norway's Oslofjord to enlist in the merchant marine for two years, a prerequisite for the Royal Naval Academy. In November, 1907, I joined the crew of the *Laupar* at Liverpool, England, and soon we were headed for Georgetown, British Guiana, for a load of sugar and rum.

At that time of year, the Atlantic is frequently stormy and treacherous—and my first voyage proved no exception. Not long out of Liverpool, the wind increased to gale proportions. As we worked frantically to batten down, the warning cry came too late. A mountainous wave struck the ship sideways.

I was crushed to the deck and, half-dazed, swept toward the stern of the ship. I should have gone overboard had not my hand closed miraculously around a ratline on the shroud. I recall, rather vaguely, seeing the kitchen paraphernalia—plus our fat little cook—come spewing through the galley door. Even

then, I think, the cook was more worried about his pet pig than himself. But the pig, having liberty of the deck, survived after teetering precariously on the railing at the stern.

So that, literally, was my baptism at sea. It was, I presumed, only another step toward life in the navy. Instead, it was the prelude of many adventurous months that would end in America.

My childhood on the island had prepared me for life at sea. Sailing and rowboats, always available, were an invitation to adventure. Not far from home were several little islands, uninhabited and unclaimed, where we could play pirates and Indians.

Winter was a different story. School was on another island, across a frozen sound and five miles through the woods on seldom-traveled roads. We did not mind stormy weather, but crossing the sound, especially on thin ice, was a tense and perilous experience. Usually in spring, when the heavy ice began to thaw, we crossed on skis, sometimes carrying long bamboo poles to support us should we fall through. Mother would always be on the lookout at the end of the dock until we were safely across.

She was waiting again to greet me when I returned from the voyage to British Guiana. The *Lancing* was waiting, too, riding at anchor in Oslo harbor. Here was my opportunity for further adventure which, I little realized then, would greatly change my life.

Once more, Mother packed my ship chest, as usual placing the

New Testament with Psalms at the top. Father read a chapter from the big family Bible, closing with the Lord's Prayer. Mother followed me to the kitchen door. Of 10 children, I was the 8th to leave the nest, and there were tears in her eyes when she said good-bye and added: "Take the Lord with you."

Accompanied by Father to Oslo, perhaps to commit me personally to the captain, a long-time acquaintance, I boarded the *Lancing* for Melbourne, Australia, on February 10, 1908.

Captain Nils Bull Melsom had sailed other ships, but it was during his 11 years on the *Lancing* that his fame, and the ship's, reached their heights through his skill and daring, his ceaseless drive, and never-failing success. My 13 months with him, in fair weather and foul, in storm, fight, and privation, form an indelible chapter of my life.

Conditions were undoubtedly worse in many other ships, but the day of the workingman had not yet arrived. If there were laws for his protection, they did not seem to apply. A sailor's word carried little weight against that of an officer, and the log book was not written in his favor.

When officials came on board to inspect our food supplies, I was ordered to accompany the steward and the inspectors. Crates of raisins, covered with a white substance like snow, were promptly condemned. Several barrels of oatmeal, the inspectors discovered, were crawling with worms. The steward insisted there was no cause for alarm—the

worms were the product of the oatmeal and therefore of the same substance! His argument seemed not to impress the inspectors. They condemned barrels of salted mutton which, when opened, gave forth an unbearable stench. (No doubt, the mutton had been advertised as "slightly spoiled, but good enough for ship use!")

The law required that all condemned foods be soaked with kerosene before disposal. But when the inspectors arrived on deck, they were invited to the captain's cabin. Of what transpired there, I have no knowledge. But every item condemned was promptly returned to the hold and a fo'c's'le crew of 18 men could testify to the misery of rotten food during 13 months at sea, mostly in the tropics.

Wormy oatmeal in a big dishpan greeted us at breakfast each day. At first we tried to separate the worms from the porridge, but soon learned to reason with the steward that it was all of the same stuff. Not so with the mutton! As we sailed through the tropics, it became worse by the day.

Aside from the food, life on board could be pleasant. We were never idle, and for most of the voyage were favored by wind and weather. Our course took us southward until we came into the westerlies that circle the southern part of the globe. Straight east, with every sail stretched to its limit, we crossed the South Atlantic and the Indian Ocean, skirting under Australia and landing at Melbourne. It was a near-record journey—Land's End, England, to Melbourne in 64 days.

Meanwhile, tension among the crew had increased, and a show-down appeared inevitable. It came on a beautiful Sunday morning when the dock teemed with strollers who wished to see the famous ship.

Nothing could have pleased our men more, for the crew had plotted and made elaborate preparations for just such an occasion. When the familiar dishpan of oatmeal was brought to the fo'c's'le, it was promptly attached to a block and tackle stretched all the way to the officers' quarters at the stern of the ship. With all hands on deck singing the sailors' familiar work song, the oatmeal—worms and all—

traveled slowly past the galley and the gaping steward.

Next came the mutton bones, tied in clusters and forming a long, ugly chain. Again, to the tune of a chantey, this evidence was hoisted slowly aloft to the yardarm, filling the air with its stench.

Here was a declaration of war! Our captain, on whom the papers had lavished praise, had been humiliated.

I was unaware of the plan because I served as night watchman, together with another deck boy, and slept in the infirmary (also used as a jail) during the day.

We were told, however, that after a mate broke a broom handle over one man's back, all hands (the sleeping watchmen excluded) began a march to the Norwegian consulate to register complaints. But they did not get very far. Alerted by the captain, the police appeared in force, forbade the march, brought the men to the police station, photographed them, and escorted them back to their ship. As punishment, all hands were forbidden to leave ship, day or night. Two well-armed policemen were stationed on the dock, and ship officers kept constant watch on deck, assisted at night by my fellow watchman and myself.

ONE night when the moon was down, I became aware of an ominous quiet up front. Now and then, a shadowy figure quickly ascended the stairs to the fo'c's'le head and disappeared. This went on for sometime until one man was discovered clambering on board a tramp steamer immediately in front of the *Lancing*.

The captain may have rightly suspected his watchmen's complicity in the "prison break," but he must have known too, that had we betrayed the crew members, our doom would have been sealed.

About half the men had fled ship. To replace them in Melbourne, at a higher scale of pay, was not to the captain's liking. There was a better way. All had been photographed, and were unlikely to resist for long the temptation of commonly known night spots. Soon, all but one were apprehended and jailed until the

ship was ready to put to sea. The escapees had forfeited their accrued income, and the captain's victory was complete.

Emptied of cargo, the ship was light as a tern on the water as we set sail for New Caledonia where—on the "Devil's Island" of the Pacific—we picked up a heavy cargo of nickel ore. Fully laden, we were greeted by turbulent weather and mountainous icebergs—the latter gleaming in the sun by day, ghostly and menacing at night.

When a tremendous storm struck, our decks were continually awash, and all grudges were forgotten. Many ships went down in that storm. (Rumors reached home that the *Lancing* broke in two and sank with all hands.) I knew we were in grave danger—just how grave I did not realize until one black night I heard Old Hans, a man of much experience and few words, calling on God to save us.

Weeks later, I had my first view of America through a misty haze at Hampton Roads, Va. When we reached Brooklyn, N.Y., on December 1, 1908, we had circumnavigated the globe in 284 days.

On that first Sunday morning in Brooklyn harbor, two men in their Sunday best came to knock on doors, inviting us to church. The able seamen would hear nothing of it. I shared their feeling, but it seemed uncourteous to turn them down. Carl and Ferdinand, our two Danish deck boys, joined me. I began digging up my going-ashore clothes from my sea chest. My suit, a tweed with a generous sprinkling of green, blended well with mold and mildew accumulated during months at sea.

What followed was a whirl of activity. The church, we discovered, was not Lutheran as we expected. It was Methodist. Men of all ages were there to tell of their religious experiences. They told how, in "conversion," their lives had been radically changed.

We went into a sanctuary filled with soft organ strains that brought to mind the hymns of childhood. All eyes fastened on the pastor, a striking figure in a Prince Albert coat with the frame of a prize-fighter, a heavy shock of steel-gray hair, and piercing eyes under heavy

eyebrows. Already the name of Anton Trelstad, minister of Bethelship Methodist Church, was a legend throughout the land.

After a sermon that still rings in my ears, we were astounded at the warmth with which all the people greeted us. How ridiculous we must have looked in our wrinkled, moldy clothes! None seemed to notice, however, and there was warmth and mirth in Pastor Trelstad's eyes as we were introduced. He had seen us and he had heard about the arrival of the *Lancing*.

No, we weren't going back to the ship. We were invited to dinner with one of the families. It was our first visit to a home in many months, but the day was far from over. Our kind hosts took us to a meeting at the Seamen's Home. Again, there were testimonies, songs, and prayer. This was quite a lot of religion for one day, especially for a beginner, but there was no escape. Now it was time for the street meeting half a block from the Rappley Street Mission maintained by the Bethelship Church. This was an area of pool halls, innumerable saloons, brothels, and burlesque shows, a favorite haunt of sailors who had been months at sea. Not all of them approved of the church's "interference."

Pastor Trelstad stood on a sturdy box as the faithful few formed a circle. He had considerable competition from Gramophones with big morning-glory speakers protruding from the windows of brothels across the street. A stone, apparently from a nearby housetop, struck at the foot of the speaker's platform. We later witnessed many such instances when rotten eggs or tomatoes were the projectiles.

There were testimonies that day from one after another who told how they had been part of the human wreckage of the area and how, by God's grace, they had been transformed.

Now it was time for Epworth League, at which old-timers as well as young people were represented. Then, a buffet supper and a brief social period before the evening service in the sanctuary, and once more a capacity audience.

It was in the sanctuary of Bethelship Church that I knelt with

the others, felt a hand on my shoulder and heard a voice whisper: "Come, my friend." It was a human hand, I know, but it seemed much more. A moment later, I was kneeling at the altar. In that holy hour, I experienced a sense of divine presence that through the years has often been recalled with a surge of new vitalizing force. As we rose to return to our seats, I was joyously aware that Carl and Ferdinand also had knelt at the chancel rail.

Nothing in all my life has been more vital and real than this experience, on a Sunday night many years ago, in the old Bethelship Church on Brooklyn's Carol Street.

ALL the next day my thoughts were drawn toward the New Testament my mother had packed so carefully at the very top of my ship chest. I had not touched it during my months at sea, and it had settled to the bottom of the chest where I found it green with mold. After supper, as the men sat around the table for their usual card game, I read hungrily some of the passages I knew so well from other years. Then, suddenly, I found myself asking the men if they would stop their game while I read to them. The men must have been dumbfounded as I read the Bible and prayed. When my prayer ended, one of the men snickered. Hans Pedersen, the Dane, rose to plant his fist in the snickering face, but the man did not strike back.

Soon it became known that Carl and Ferdinand also had been converted. Let it be said to the credit of the crew that none, with one exception, made us objects of ridicule. The exception was Ludvig whose efforts to plague us knew no bounds. His was a shady past; he had been a scourge to the city of his birth, and was due for imprisonment at the time the *Lancing* was about to leave port. His sentence was suspended on condition he sign up on the ship destined for Australia.

Eventually Ludvig was discharged, as were several others of the crew who settled in Brooklyn to become active and respected members of Bethelship Church.

Hans Pedersen became a local preacher and lay leader.

Johansen, the donkeyman, became a Methodist minister, later transferring to the Lutheran Church. Both Carl and Ferdinand, returning to Denmark, entered the Lutheran ministry. Werner, the only German in our crew, was said to have become a minister in his home country.

Hardest of all to believe, Ludvig was converted—and became an officer in the Salvation Army!

Illness and subsequent hospitalization paved the way for termination of my contract with the *Lancing*. Now I looked forward to full membership in the church, rather than a military career. Although timid by nature, I lost no opportunity to witness my Christian experience. One Sunday, as I stepped down from the platform at a meeting on Hamilton Avenue, Johansen placed his hand on my shoulder.

"Otmann, you should go to Evanston."

To the Bethelship people, of course, that meant the seminary and preparation for the ministry.

The suggestion struck me as preposterous because I lacked everything that was required. But when I unburdened my heart to the pastor, he smiled and said he had suspected this. He assured me, however, that doors would open, if this was God's will for my life.

Johansen was right. Doors did open, and soon I had embarked on another sea—that of full-time Christian service.

I am only one of thousands of Scandinavians converted in a mission program for seamen that began 63 years before I sailed into Brooklyn harbor. For many years, Bethelship was actually a ship-church riding at anchor in the harbor. From its decks, and later from that altar on land, many men went out into America, back to their home countries, or into other parts of the world to preach, to establish conferences, or simply to lead Christian lives as laymen.

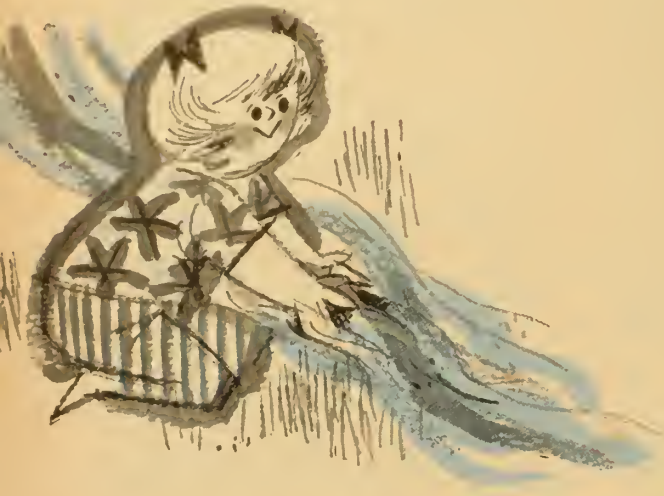
For those of us who are still living, there can be no more romantic and inspiring story in missionary service than that of Bethelship mission. □

Thoughts to Think on

RIVER IN MY HANDS

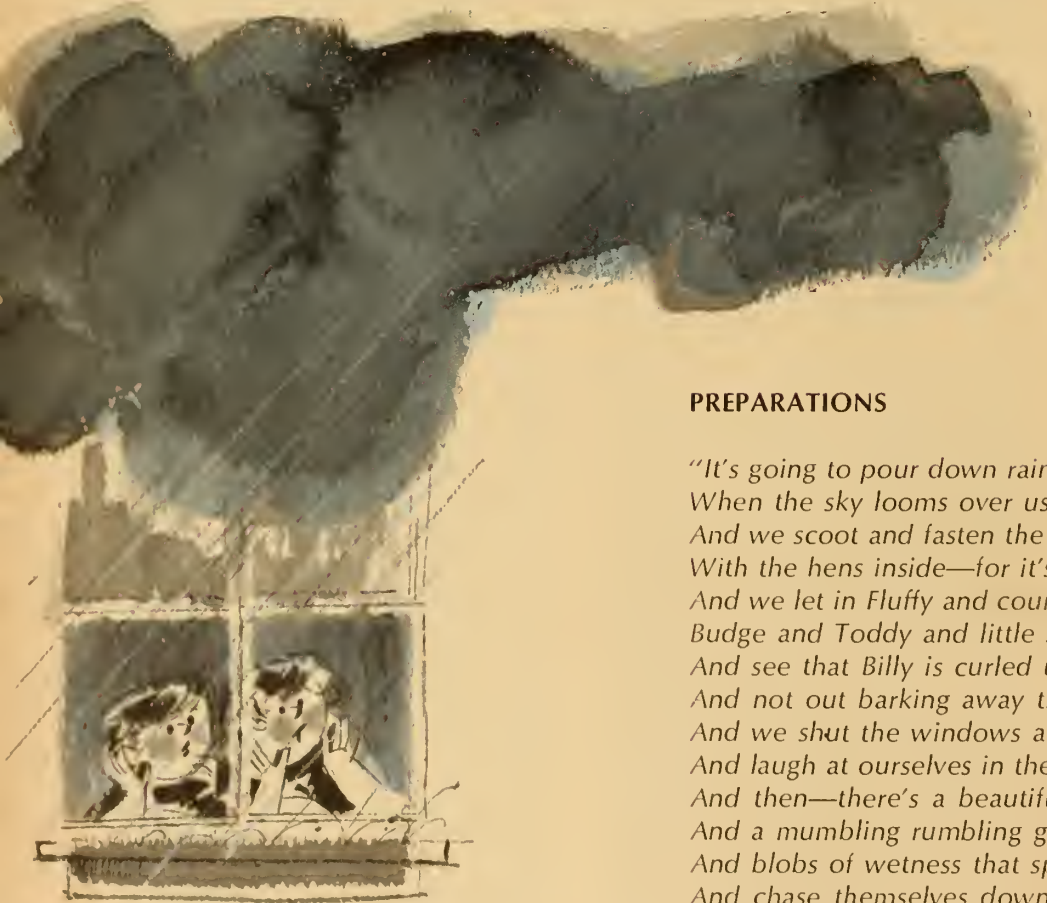
*I hold my hands down deep in the river
And the water comes pushing against my palms.
Steady, steady, I hold them steady
And the water keeps streaming in ripples and calms.*

*I cannot stop it, I cannot stem it,
But I hold in my hands the strength of its flowing,
And there is a feeling of marvelous power
In letting the river go where it is going.*



PREPARATIONS

*"It's going to pour down rain," we say,
When the sky looms over us big and gray,
And we scoot and fasten the hen-house door
With the hens inside—for it's going to pour—
And we let in Fluffy and count the kittens,
Budge and Toddy and little Snow Mittens,
And see that Billy is curled up warm
And not out barking away the storm,
And we shut the windows and fasten them tight
And laugh at ourselves in the gray-green light,
And then—there's a beautiful golden flash
And a mumbling rumbling grumbling crash
And blobs of wetness that splatter and splash
And chase themselves down the windowpane—
It's fun when it's going to pour down rain!*



a Summer Day

Together with the Small Fry

By JANE MERCHANT

MENTAL GYMNASTICS

*It somehow pleases me to know
Otters toboggan in new snow
And slide, with many merry pranks,
Upon their stomachs down the banks
Of rivers. It relieves my cares
To learn of chubby baby bears
Gaily playing hide-and-seek
And little dappled fawns that streak
Through green woodlands, having races
Just for fun when nothing chases
After them. I find it good
To ponder meadowland and wood
And let my mind cavort and run
Where wild things frolic in the sun—
Though walls may hem me all about
I turn my thinking inside out!*



GARDEN GUARDIANS

*In my garden lives a robin
And a rabbit lives there too,
And whenever I've a job in
It, they watch me till I'm through.*

*I nabbed the rabbit grabbing salad
From a luscious lettuce leaf,
And the righteous robin rallied
Songs of shame at such a thief.*

*So the rabbit sued for pardon
And I started out from scratch
Mending bare spots in my garden
With a fine strawberry patch.*

*Now unnumbered robins mob it—
It's a robin's rapid habit—
But if any rabbits rob it
It won't be the robin's rabbit.*





Letters

Viet Nam: No Way to Peace

RICHARD T. DARVILLE
Urbana, Ill.

I must reply to a letter in your April issue [*Viet Nam: Worth the Cost*, page 74] which argues that the United States' war in Viet Nam is guaranteeing government under law and other Christian virtues to the South Vietnamese.

In fact, we are spending some 500 American lives every week and \$30 billion every year in an attempt to defeat an indigenous revolution (only incidentally communist supported) which the Vietnamese have been waging against foreign occupying governments for more than 30 years. In the process, we support selfish landlords and repressive governments in South Viet Nam whose atrocities against the people match anything done in the communist North.

Such a policy probably would not be justifiable even if it had some relationship to our national security. But no war in a tiny country on the other side of the earth can have even that small virtue. The Vietnamese war is certainly not one which will lead to any world peace or one which could be supported on any Christian basis.

Stand Behind the President

CLAIRE S. ELLIOTT
Lenapah, Okla.

I should like to utter a most fervent "Amen" to the comment of J. Delbert Wells in his letter *Viet Nam: Worth the Cost*. Every Christian should stand firmly behind our President if we want communism stopped. Viet Nam is worth the cost.

First Step Toward Cure

DONALD D. DAY
Edgerton, Ohio

Your April *Viewpoint* article, *Antidote to Despair* [page 17], is one of the first general statements I have seen, by any of the church magazines, speaking out frankly of the growing sickness of most churches today.

When any organization openly confesses its shortcomings and sickness

within, this is a first step toward curing the sickness. Martin Luther did not criticize the church of his day for any dislike for it but because he dearly loved it and refused to stand by and see it destroyed by its own evils.

God's church will not be saved by large building programs while membership, attendance, and public respect for the church are dropping each year. If the church is to survive, those who confess to be its members must live in such a manner that those who are not in the church can see the real values in Christian living that they themselves have failed to possess.

'Best Help So Far'

RICHARD L. COOKSON, Pastor
First Methodist Church
Corning, N.Y.

Antidote to Despair is the best help offered so far in the despairing mass of materials currently being written. Your editorial reflects careful study and thoughtful suggestions that have practical application. Reading it makes you want to "stand straight" and start again. Thanks. Keep up that kind of excellent work.



"The theme of this morning's sermon is 'Religion's Rapprochement With Contemporary Art.'"

'Extremely Well Said'

DALE A. KOOI, Pastor
Grace Methodist Church
Urbana, Ill.

Your *Viewpoint* in the April issue was excellent in its content and extremely well said. To put so much so well on just one page is an accomplishment worthy of commendation. If only we could do as well in our pulpits as you have done here.

'Tool' Serves Christian Concerns

ROY H. MURRAY, Retired Minister
Clarksville, Ark.

In his April letter, does not David W. Herb oversimplify the problem that confronted the Methodist missions board when it removed its money from a bank whose business policies support apartheid in South Africa? [See *'Green Power' an Unworthy Tool*, April, page 71.]

The board has no reasonable choice but to deposit its funds in some bank, but it does have a choice of which bank it patronizes. Is it not good Christian stewardship to put church money in a bank whose practices are in keeping with one of the major concerns of the church, namely equal opportunity for all people?

Money on deposit is a form of power that inevitably does support one interest or another. In Mr. Herb's idiom, it is a "tool" that must be used for one purpose or another, worthy or unworthy, even while it is being stored.

'Divine Reality Escapes Them'

MRS. WAYNE DELL
Carl Junction, Mo.

I read *What Happened at Their Happening?* [April, page 14] with a mixture of sadness, pity, and disgust. It expresses in miniature so much of the "new" theological concept of life in today's world, a concept that is threatening the very foundations of Christendom. A conglomeration of social, political, psychological, and ideological theories, clothed in intellectual jargon by the misinformed, uninformed, and ill-informed is a poor substitute for the clearly stated commands and demands Christ imposes on his followers.

I'm afraid the University Christian Movement officer's statement that "we cannot afford the luxury of sentimentally attaching ourselves to empty vessels or clanging brass" reveals the awful certainty that they are doing just that. It is tragic that our bewildered, uncertain, unhappy young people so enthusiastically "dig the Jesus myth" while his divine reality keeps escaping them.

How glad I am that years ago I sentimentally attached myself to such

people as Ewart Autry's father [see *The Old Hitching Tree*, April, page 25] whose "singing in the storms" lifted my fears and provided light for my darkness, and whose memory and example remain a constant source of inspiration.

No Divine Help Needed?

MRS. BETTY LUGINBILL
Beltsville, Md.

One gets the impression from reading *What Happened at Their Happening?* that the students believe that such issues as black power, poverty, and the like are entirely up to them and that they neither expect nor look for any aid from a divine source. Is God that dead among students?

An Alternative Does Exist

THOMAS W. RAINE, Director
Winona Area Technical School
Winona, Minn.

Your editors' comments in *What Can Be Done About School Dropouts* [February, page 47] have triggered this letter. In this statement you totally ignore one of the fastest growing segments of education—the nation's post-high-school vocational-technical schools.

In Minnesota alone more than 9,000 men and women are enrolled full time this year. Eighteen new vocational-technical schools have been built in our state since 1958. Many are operating on two and three shifts because of the demand for training and retraining.

Your statement that "the average technical worker must have four or more years of college or its equivalent" is simply not true. Thousands of technicians serving in industry today were prepared by schools such as ours. The implication that the alternatives for young people are college or nothing reflects a great lack of information. There is another alternative in Minnesota and other states with similar educational organization. The great middle area which is attracting increasing numbers of people is the vocational-technical school. It is not the old-time vocational school, the place for the retarded and socially maladjusted. It is for men and women 18 and over who are not interested in degree programs.

Where Is Church Going?

LEONARD R. KUHN
Defiance, Ohio

I am greatly disturbed by many articles in *TOGETHER* for I believe they reflect the direction Methodism is taking. We are becoming a sociopolitical society, rather than the Church of Jesus Christ.

It disturbs me when church leaders write in favor of guaranteed annual income, how to avoid the draft, civil dis-

What kinds of people buy Methodist mission annuities?



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An Air Force officer working with dangerous equipment who wants to protect his family and at the same time, express his gratitude to God



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obedience, and the like. Too many of these people would reform society by law, coercion, and government regulation, attempting to guarantee security for all, thereby hoping to make better individuals. This has never worked. It only promotes idleness and lack of initiative.

The church needs to start with the individual, for if individuals are Christian, our society will be strengthened. This is why membership in churches is falling off. Individuals are being forgotten. Our leaders are so busy trying to run the White House, the statehouse, and the courthouse that they have little time left for their primary concern—the people in our churches and communities. This is why Billy Graham is so successful. He starts with the individual.

I am finance commission chairman of our church. Each year we have requests from more of our members insisting that none of their contributions go to the connectional church. These people believe in the church, but they protest its present course. I have grave fears as to how long some of us who support the connectional church can keep these members in our midst.

Historian Approves

THEODORE L. AGNEW, *Professor of History*
Oklahoma State University
Stillwater, Okla.

That was certainly a fine appreciation of Peter Cartwright which Herman B. Teeter wrote for the March issue of *TOGETHER!* [See *Peter Cartwright: Now There Was a Man!* page 40.] Mr. Teeter ably caught many significant aspects of the character of this singular man.

Likewise, I appreciated Floyd A. Johnson's illustration which shows a particularly muscular (and, as Mr. Teeter pointed out, an "embellished") version of a Cartwright encounter.

Some years back I wrote a Ph.D. dissertation on Cartwright and am now trying to complete a biography based on this study. Therefore I genuinely appreciate successful treatments of Cartwright such as yours is.

Cartwright Still 'Good Copy'

ALBEA GODBOLD, *Executive Secretary*
Association of Methodist Historical Societies
Lake Junaluska, N.C.

Please accept my commendation on Herman B. Teeter's article *Peter Cartwright: Now There Was a Man!* It was a good account. Cartwright was such a colorful character in pioneer days that I suppose he is still what the newspaper men call good copy. I hope that this article will encourage many pres-

ent-day preachers and laymen to read Cartwright's autobiography.

Church Must Take a Stand

MRS. ROBERT L. SMITH
Osage, Iowa

I was happy to read Robert C. Hickley's letter on alcohol [*How Should the Church Lead?* March, page 71]. I agree with him wholeheartedly. The church should and must take a stand on anything that is so destructive—morally, spiritually, and physically.

Methodism is less and less a leader and more and more a follower. As a church we no longer want to define right and wrong. Shady gray in love is the answer.

Methodist Stand Unchangeable?

GEORGE E. MIHALJAN
Saugus, Mass.

I write in answer to Franklin Groomes's letter *There Is Conflict, He Insists* [April, page 73]. Those who think that The Methodist Church's stand on alcohol should never be changed seem to forget that while the Bible sternly condemns drunkenness, it states explicitly that Jesus and his disciples drank wine. Also, in 1 Timothy 5:23 the great apostle Paul actually advised the use of "a little wine" to his friend "for the sake of your stomach and your frequent ailments."

The question of the use of liquor by those who cannot stop with just one drink is easily answered. They should never drink! But for others who can drink safely, the matter is not so easily settled.

Ecumenism, Not Union

CHESTER W. LOUGHLIN, *Retired Minister*
Fort Myers, Fla.

Thanks very much for your excellent publication. I am particularly impelled to write because of the fine article *Grass-Roots Ecumenism: A Spark Becomes a Blaze* [March, page 62].

It long has seemed to me that too much energy and time are being used (wasted?) in discussions of united church organization. In my view it would be nothing short of a disaster if all Christians were brought under one ecclesiastical organization. I cannot recall any monolithic religious organization which has not, almost necessarily, been oppressive.

Fortunately, there is little prospect that such a union can be achieved—but that is not to say that there cannot be real ecumenism. In fact, there probably will be more ecumenism of the type described in this article if it is not complicated by any fear of enforced organizational solidarity.

"That they all may be one" in Christian love and fellowship and united work for human betterment should be and probably is the desire of all Christians. Such ecumenism is a goal for which we can all work.

Religious Liberty at Stake

W. PHILLIPS BERWICK, *Midwest Regional Director*
Americans United for Separation of Church and State (POAU)
Chicago, Ill.

Let the readers of *TOGETHER's* account of ecumenism in the March issue take a full view of the results.

First of all, when Catholics join Protestant Councils of Churches, the first traditional Protestant position discarded is separation of church and state. This can be very serious for religious liberty. For example, the Roman Catholic hierarchy and Knights of Columbus tried to remove this Protestant principle from the New York State Constitution last November. But the voters said no by a 72 percent margin. The Protestant councils, still independent, opposed the Catholic hierarchy which spent millions to influence the voters. If Catholics had joined the councils, they would have been silent.

Second, let public-school officials and ministers become aware of a startling national effort to put Catholic viewpoints into public-school textbooks. One such text used by sixth-graders has four lines against Martin Luther, five full-page pictures of the Virgin, and numerous pages praising popes and Father Serra. Methodist ecumenists might ponder that there is not one mention of Methodist circuit riders.

'Model Approach' Unsatisfactory

H. HENRY SOUTHWORTH,
Co-ordinator
Central Minnesota Educational Research and Development Council
Paynesville, Minn.

It was with considerable professional interest that I read the two April articles *How to Develop Healthy Sex Attitudes in Your Children* [page 43] and *A Model Approach to Sex Education* [page 47].

The first of these articles is satisfactory. The second, in my opinion, is entirely unsatisfactory and in fact damaging to the image of a good program of sex education. I doubt that you will find many actively engaged in the field of family-life education who would approve of such a detached and impersonal approach to a subject which should provide a close and personal relationship with the student.

This program belongs in the students' own classroom with their own teachers

who know them and have built rapport to establish confidence. Bring the films and models into the classroom. Family life education is best treated as an interdisciplinary matter crossing subject lines, to be covered whenever the occasion arises.

The film *From Generation to Generation*, referred to in the article, is years out of date. Heaven forbid that advanced high-school students should be bored with this. No mention is made of the excellent *For Better, For Worse*, produced by the Methodist Television, Radio, and Film Commission.

In terms of publications, we Methodists should take a look at what the Lutheran Church—Missouri Synod has done in its *Concordia Sex Education Series* [see *Looks at New Books*, April, page 60]. We can't begin to approach it.

Article Changed His Mind

MRS. O. M. L. NELSON
Santa Barbara, Calif.

I want to commend very highly the March article by Willmon L. White, *Where The Methodist Church Stands* [page 19].

My husband has been in another church here, and now after reading this article he has declared he is entering The Methodist Church. I am delighted.

'Shameful Editing,' She Says

MRS. DIANE HUBBARD
Carmichael, Calif.

I feel Willmon L. White engaged in a shameful bit of editing of the Methodist Social Creed and the Methodist Discipline in his article *Where The Methodist Church Stands*. On the surface the article appears to be a reasonable facsimile of the Social Creed. To the critical reader, however, it is a transgression of editorial trust.

I refer specifically to the portion on "Military Service and Training." If a young man facing military service were to read this section, he would have no idea that his Methodist Church would support him, should he feel his duty to country lay in serving in the military.

With curious efficiency, Mr. White eliminated from his quotation of the Discipline the sentence in the Social Creed which says simply, "We recognize the right of the individual to answer the call of his government according to the dictates of his Christian conscience." Nor did he include that comforting last line from the same section: "In all of these situations members of The Methodist Church have the authority and support of their church." In so doing, he has robbed individuals of any assurance of complete freedom of "individual decision," which has so



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long been a main point of Methodism.

This section of Mr. White's article adds up to give the impression that there is no compatibility between military service and membership in The Methodist Church.

More Disturbing Than News

ALDEN H. MEAD
Marion, Mass.

Since reading *TOGETHER's* March issue, I am more disturbed than from the news in the daily papers.

From *Why We Stress Social Concerns* [page 16] I get the impression that it is unchristian to be patriotic and the system that gives us our bread and butter—capitalism—is bad. The inference is that socialism is preferred.

The system that the USA operates under, democracy, allows demonstrations and dissension, but its sons have paid for these rights in blood in many wars. Our victorious wars have added no territory but have driven off aggressors as we are attempting to do now. This article intimates that we are primarily in Viet Nam to kill women and children, when in truth we are there to save them from communist-trained terrorists who execute them just to intimidate the living.

For a number of years I have been secretary-treasurer of the trustees and the only representative of our church in the local biracial group called ACT (All Community Team), and I have recently been appointed to the Christian social-concerns commission. Believe me, I am concerned with the attitudes within the church as well as without.

50 Years Behind the Times

RICHARD C. WILLIAMS, *Pastor*
Community Methodist Church
Massapequa, N.Y.

Thank you for your March issue highlighting social concerns. When will we learn that social concerns, individual morality, theology, myth, kerygma are all cut from the same Christian cloth? Your article on open-mindedness [*The Closed Mind*, page 15] may help us to learn that. Other valuable materials may help backward Christians and slow learners of the faith to catch up.

However, we have a long way to go. The generalities of most of this issue's articles actually may have encouraged our rapid retreat from specifics. The overall approach may be misleading because it is at least 50 years behind the times. Count the many references to Walter Rauschenbusch, the generous sprinkling of John Wesley, statements of the 1908 Methodist Social Creed, and other horseshack items.

For real help for today, where are

your frank discussions of the challenges of the military draft, Viet Nam, racial tension, black power, economic stress, suburban anomie, and urban problems?

The church is facing a crisis; and as I interpret that crisis, it is whether or not we will have the commitment and moral fortitude to face specific social challenges of the day. These challenges may not be palatable to Mr. Average Methodist, but we will have to face them anyhow! And we need particular and specific resources "for the facing of these days."

Don't Step Backward

MRS. BRUCE WILLIS
Cincinnati, Ohio

I am sorry that *Concern* is no longer being published, and I hope *TOGETHER* will fill the gap with similar articles on contemporary happenings. Though we readers are slower at writing about something we favor than when we object to something, there are many of us who appreciate the forward strides some of the Methodist publications do take. This includes the new Sunday-school material and some of the new forms of art. I wish we could speak louder and more often so the church will not step backward to the *Guideposts* type of thinking. Everything just isn't that "nice" and things don't always turn out for the best, at least not in our limited time scope.

I'm glad to see *TOGETHER* becoming aware of *Single Girls in the City* [April, page 53]. It has been 10 years since I was in their place, and I was lucky to meet my husband in a church group in a large city. But what a forgotten, shoved-in-a-corner group that was, so uninvolved and no one seemed to know or care we existed. I'm convinced that this is a time when the church loses many people. Just being there, waiting for young adults to come, is not enough. They need to be offered things to do—tutoring children, jobs in community centers, or work-camp projects. If the church could show ways to get people to where the needs are, I think it would find willing helpers.

Proud of Her Governor

MRS. WARREN HINMAN
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Most Iowans are indeed very proud of their Governor Harold Hughes. Paige Carlin's article about him in the *People Called Methodists* series [March, page 52] very clearly sets out the reasons for the popularity that Governor Hughes enjoys.

Recently he toured the state with religious leaders, speaking on the race issue to audiences of church people in six key cities. In his addresses he faced the problems squarely and set forth

some practical solutions. What he said bears out the qualities of honesty, forthrightness, and integrity pointed out in Mr. Carlin's article.

Danger in Partisanship

MRS. JOHN H. BURGER
Springfield, Va.

I read with interest the article in the March issue about Governor Hughes of Iowa. Since Iowa is my home state and I am very much interested in politics there, I assume that you will give the Republican nominee for U.S. senator, after he is chosen, a spread equal to the one Governor Hughes received.

Both of the Republican candidates are very active in their respective churches. I would imagine even that State Senator David Stanley has done more than Governor Hughes for The Methodist Church.

I certainly would hate to see *TOGETHER* ruined by the partisanship shown by another Methodist magazine, *Concern*.

Another Noteworthy Iowan

JAMES P. ARCHIBALD, *Pastor*
St. Paul Methodist Church
Chevy Chase, Md.

You are to be congratulated on choosing Governor Harold Hughes of Iowa as an example of an outstanding Methodist. You will be interested to know that his predecessor in the Iowa governorship, Herschel Loveless, is another noteworthy Methodist. He is now a member of the United States Renegotiation Board in Washington, D.C.

As an affiliate member of St. Paul Church, he has been serving as chairman of our commission on Christian social concerns, and under his leadership the commission has created an unusual program for keeping the church membership informed on social issues.

And as chairman of the property committee, he has appeared in overalls with paintbrush to work with others whom he motivated to maintain our facilities in a way that makes them worthy of being known as God's house.

Filed for Future Reference

MRS. BURRIS JOHNSON
Miami, Mo.

Congratulations! The April issue of your magazine was outstanding both in writing and art work.

I have read and reread *Lazarus, Come Out!* [page 18] and *The Old Hitching Tree* [page 25]. Both articles answer to my satisfaction the questions: Is my life worthwhile? Does it count for anything?

Thank you again. This issue will be kept in my reference files.

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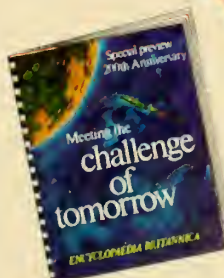
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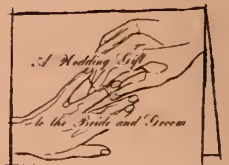
Marriage is an honorable estate instituted of God. It is not merely a union between two people—it is a union of two spirits. The purpose of the bond is to perfect the nature of both by supplementing the weakness of one with the strength of the other.

Two people have chosen each other and promised to keep one another in sickness and health, forsaking all others. They vow to love, honor and cherish. The wedding day—one of the highest peaks in a person's life . . . the preamble for adult family living . . . a time for planning and building.

What an appropriate occasion to make the influence of the church felt in their lives. Many friends and churches take advantage of this opportunity to present to this new home a gift subscription to the Methodist family magazine, **TOGETHER**.

TOGETHER provides an attractive gift card for the new bride and groom.

Fill in the form below and give to your **TOGETHER** agent Sunday. The cost is only \$3.00 per year through your church. **TOGETHER** will see to it that the card arrives along with the other wedding gifts and that your thoughtfulness continues to speak month after month until the first anniversary.



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Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Card to be Signed _____

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